

JUNE 20, 1955

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COVER: ED FURGOL

Photograph by Richard Meek

U.S. Open golf champion Ed Furgol will be in San Francisco this week defending his title in the 35th Open championship, previewed on pages 28-39. The 36-year-old Furgol, whose unorthodox swing is the result of a childhood accident that left him with a crippled arm, showed last weekend that he is near the top of his game by taking individual honors in the Canada Cup competition. A leader in golf's Middle Guard (see color photographs on pages 25-26), Furgol is attempting to end the Age of Hogan and become only the sixth person to succeed himself as Open champion.

Associated press's Sir John Galt

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

J. P. MARQUAND AT HAPPY KNOLL

The first of a series of delightful letters on the pleasures and problems of a country club

BASEBALL'S MIGHTIEST SLUGGERS IN COLOR

Big Klu, Sten the Man, Wonderful Willie and The Duke, in words and pictures

OUTBOARDERS: FOUR MILLION STRONG

All about the motor and the boats that have given Americans a new vacation pastime

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Swags**, gentle, smooth-galloping Kentucky Derby winner, challenged older horses for first time, showed undeniable class under able rule by **Dave Erb**, subbing for suspended Willie Shoemaker, outran spunky little Determine by length and a quarter to set new world record of 1:40 2/5 for mile-and-a-half in \$100,000 California at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., boosted total earnings to \$915,200 (see page 41). ● **Brian Hewson**, 22-year-old Englishman who recently cantered in unprejudiced triple sub-four-minute mile, zipped through rare three-quarter-mile test in 2:53 4/5 to break Roger Bamister's British

native mark as well as unofficial world standard at London. ● **Gordon McKenzie**, New York Pioneer Club's tireless national cross-country titleholder, staggered off 5 miles in 46:24.7, wiped out former American citizens' record by nearly nine seconds in Metropolitan AAU champion-ship in New York. ● **Bob Harkins**, husky, broad-backed NYAC strongman, unfurled brace of 42 feet 7 1/2 inches, snapped on a U.S. standard for 56-pound weight in same move. ● **Rafael Johnson**, 194-year-old UCLA freshman, compiled 7,981 points, bested Bob Mathias' world decathlon record in Central California AAU meet at King-Beck, Calif.

AUTO RACING

Mike Hawthorn, daring British racer, and **Ivor Bueb** grimly went about business of pushing their lug, glumming Jaguar D to victory in disaster-filled 24-hour Le Mans speed classic. With Mercedes team withdrawn after tragic accident to driver **Pierre Levegh**, resulting in 87 deaths, 106 injured, and Ferrari out because of engine trouble, ashen-faced Hawthorn and partner covered 2,464.28 miles at average speed of 166.84 mph for new record. Runners-up: England's **Peter Collins** and Belgium's **Paul Frere** in Aston Martin; Belgium's **John Claes** and Jacques Swaters in Jaguar D. Germany's **Helmut Polensky** and **Richard Von Frankenberg**, driving Porsche, topped field in performance index category. Class winners: Hawthorn and Bueb in Jaguar, 3-liter; Collins and Frere in Aston Martin, 4-liter; Britain's **Peter Wilson** and **J. Vignati** in Bristol, 2-liter; Polensky and Von Frankenberg in Porsche, 1-liter; Germany's **Jura Dantas** and **A. Vassili** in Porsche, 1,100-cc; France's **L. Cornet** and **M. Moaglin** in D. B., 750-cc (see page 49).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees split four games with fourth-place Detroit, confidently sailed into Cleveland with comfortable five-game lead over second-place Chicago White Sox, hoped to deliver telling blow at Indians' pennant hopes. Yankees got off on right foot, edged Cleveland 3-2 on fine relief pitching of 48-year-old palm ball specialist **Jim Konstanty**, working for eighth time in 10 games, then watched lead disintegrate to 2-1 over Chicago, 3-1 over Cleveland. Indians ended four-game losing streak, struck back to take three straight, 7-6, 10-3, 7-3. **Ari Houtemans**, **Earl Wynn** and **Bob Lemon** pitched important wins, put Al Lopez's club back in race (see page 8).

Chicago, after trailing Outfielder **Johnny Grish**, Catcher **Chet Courtney** and Pitcher **Bob Chalkles** to Washington for first fly-chaser **Jim Busby**, got up-notch handling jobs from **Virgil Trucks** and **Billy Pierce**, coaxed past Senators 10-0, 1-0, 6-4, made up for 3-2 loss to Baltimore, one again had visions of overtaking Yankees.

Boston Red Sox made week's biggest gain, hammered Cleveland's **Herb Score**, thumped Indians 9-3, 4-4, 4-2, Detroit 3-2, moved into fifth place.

Brooklyn Dodgers, still heling home runs and getting good pitching, won three in row from St. Louis and Cincinnati, then pro-

ceeded to send off Chicago Cubs by taking three out of four to stretch lead to big 10 1/2 games. **Carl Erskine** set Cubs down 7-0 with four hits, also hit home run in true Brooklyn pitchers' tradition. Home run by **Ray Campanella**, **Duke Snider**, **Gil Hodges** and **Junie Gilliam** gave **Billy Loos** 4-3 triumph before Chicago set down Dodgers 9-1, halting Newcombe's 16-game winning streak. **Clem Labine's** relief pitching helped Brooklyn beat Cubs 6-2 as leaders prepared to head West.

New York Giants continued mediocre play, split pair with Milwaukee 4-13, 3-4, took two from St. Louis 2-1, 8-3, then lost to Cards 3-6, were in danger of losing third place to Milwaukee. Cincinnati bought Pitcher **Joe Black** from Brooklyn but will lose three games, dropped to seventh as **Philides** took over fifth place.

BOXING

Carmen Basilio, free-winging Canastota, N.Y., union farmer who waited patiently for second chance at welterweight title, wore down doughy **Tony DeMarco** with thudding body blows in action-packed early rounds, shifted attack to head in 10th, battered outclassed but courageous champion to canvas twice, finally took possession of crown when Referee **Henry Kessler** halted bout in 12th as 9,170 jam-packed partisan fans roared approval at Syracuse, N.Y. (see page 22).

Joey Giardella, once-top-ranking middleweight contender who specialized in street-corner brawls, apparently had his ring career ended in Philadelphia last week when **Judge Edward P. Little** sentenced him to six to 18 months in county prison on charges of riot and conspiracy to riot—aftermath of row for which he was convicted of beating service-station attendant with cretek. Emotionless Giardella planned appeal, was released in \$1,500 bail.

HORSE RACING

Nashua, mighty **Behr Stood** colt used to making even-odds ones look close, coasted along and prodded by **Eddie Arcara**, who "didn't want him flogging around," then bailed out in front, turned on magnificent burst of speed to run away from mediocre field in \$119,000 Belmont Stakes at New York's Belmont Park (see page 44).

Blue Chair, dark-brown Irish-bred 13 1/2 long shot, was held off early pace by **Jackey Ronnie Baldwin**, made move to inside going into home stretch, opened 1/2-length lead over **Snodde Sreen** to win \$58,300 Baltimore Turf Handicap at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill.

Saratoga, Metropolitan Farm's temperamental 3-year-old, paid little attention to muddy track, beat off **Albion Lashes**, won \$48,805 Leonard Richard Stakes in half-length at Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

Ace Marine, purchased for \$8,700 as yearling by **Leskin Maloney**, paid rich \$23,750 dividend with swing to one-and-a-half length triumph in historic Queen's Plate at old Woodbine Park, Toronto.

GOLF

Ed Furgol (see page 3), prepping for defense of National Open title, exploited his masterful iron game, fired sensational 67 on last round to earn tie with Australia's **Peter Thomson** and Belgium's **Flory Van Donck** at 279, then whipped both rivals in sudden-death play off to win International championship at Washington, D.C. Furgol and PGA champion **Chick Harbert** totaled 560 strokes to give U.S. victory in Canada Cup team competition.

Henri de Lumaze, steady-croaking Paris businessman familiar with every blade of grass on Chantilly course, eliminated newly crowned British Amateur champion **Joe Conrad** 4 and 3 in semifinals, took on another American husky, blond 26-year-old Don Bispinghoff of Orlando, Fla., in final, moved out in front early in match, carved out 3 and 4 victory to win his sixth French Amateur title at Paris.

ROWING

Fenn's smooth-stroking unbeaten crew waged stirring duel with heavier Cornell, forced into lead with half-mile to go, stepped up boat to 34, swept across finish line full length ahead of **Big Red** at Ithaca, N.Y., moved on to Syracuse as favorite in Saturday's IRA regatta.

TRACK AND FIELD

Yale-Army combined team won eight first places, including 440-yard relay, day's final event, to earn 8 tie with Oxford-Cambridge at London. New series records were set by Yale's husky **Steve Thompson**, who heaved 509 159 feet 10 inches (he also won shot-put), Oxford's **W. W. Kretschmar**, who tossed javelin 200 feet 2 inches, Cambridge's **John Knapp**, 20-mile winner in 9:11.8. Army's **Bob Kasky** accounted for other U.S. efforts, winning 100- and dash and brutal jumps. **Chris Chusway**, England's everything-four-minute mile, ran splendid 2,000-meter race, covered home in 3:58.4 for new British record.

Wes Santee, limber-legged, cross-cut Kanzan, won recently ran second fastest half-mile in history (1:48.7), took week off

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED each week brings the news of the important events of sport as seen through the eyes of trained observers and written in the words of skilled reporters. In this issue, for instance, Herb Wind previews the U.S. Open, Budd Schulberg takes in the Basilio-DeMarco fight, Whitney Tower reports the Belmont Stakes, Jim Murray watches Swaps go against Determine, and Bill Talbert looks ahead to Wimbledon.

But the story of sport is more than the news of its current events. It is also the shared experience of those whose actual performances create some of its greatest moments. So Eddie Arearo, during a three-week suspension period, reported the Wood Memorial for SI and gave it the perspective of a jockey who has brought home more than 3,000 winners. Tenzing, the conqueror of Everest, cast unique light on one of the supreme mountaineering exploits in his autobiography, *Tiger of the Snows*, which first appeared in condensed form in SI and has just been published by Putnam. And this week, in the first of two articles, Dr. Roger Bannister brings his sensitive and reminiscent observation to bear on the trials and inspirations which led to the first breaking of the mile's four-minute barrier.

Behind the news and experiences of sport is another essential part of its story: its atmosphere and climate, the colorful backdrop in front of which its events occur. And this backdrop does not always present a wholly serious scene, as you may discover when next week SI begins a series by one of America's great satirical writers, J. P. Marquand.

The Marquand articles came about as an unexpected result of a conversation between the Pulitzer-prize-winning author and TIME Inc's President Roy E. Larsen at a meeting of Harvard's Board of Overseers, of which they are both members. Marquand said that he had been thinking of writing about a country club. Larsen suggested that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which recognizes the country club as the setting and sponsor for a multitude of sports, might be very interested in what he wrote.

Our readers will be too, I think, as they follow the amusing succession of crises confronting the fictitious Happy Knoll Country Club, revealed in letters written by Mr. Marquand for the signatures of the equally fictitious (but deeply involved) officials of the club. The first letter appears in next week's issue.



J. P. MARQUAND

Harry Phillips

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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**What is the basic
appeal behind
professional wrestling?**

SHELDON TANNEN, New York
Restaurateur



"Pro wrestling is a hippodrome, with the grunts and groans of the wrestlers and the shrieks of the spectators to give it stark reality. It's a great show that fascinates its fans, rough enough to seem authentic and funny enough to amuse. It's comedy and drama, with the laughs following hysteria."

KENDRICK M. MORRISSE, Oakland, Calif.
Vice-President
American Trust Co.



"It goes back to P. T. Barnum's famous crack, 'A sucker is born every minute.' The wrestlers have their tongues in their cheeks, but spectators take it seriously. I've seen women burn the wrestlers' bare feet with cigarettes, poke them with umbrellas and actually stick them with harpins."

SAMUEL WILDER KING
Governor of Hawaii



"Pro wrestling lets people forget themselves and their troubles. In these tense, fast-moving days it offers them a most useful form of relaxation. Spectators have the time of their lives watching the clowning and all that goes with wrestling. Showmanship only adds to wholesome recreation."

BOB EDGE, Brownsville, Mo.
Sportsman



"Pro wrestling is action and comedy—real show business. The old wrestlers, Zbynsko, Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos and Hackenschmidt were wonderful, but they wouldn't draw today. The comedy and the winner of a bout are prearranged, yet it is so well done that the audiences take it as gospel."

BOB WEITMAN, New Rochelle, N.Y.
Vice-President
American
Broadcasting Co.



"The wrestling game has a strange and strong appeal for women. You'd expect the reverse to be true and I've often asked myself the reason. I think the primary appeal is physical. Women respond emotionally to sheer, brute strength in action. The proof? Female wrestlers leave women cold."

GEORGE VANDERBILT, Honolulu
Scientist



"People want to be entertained. That's the primary appeal. It's amazing to observe the number of prominent persons in business and in society who have their favorite wrestlers. Many of them take these bouts seriously even though they must be aware of the clowning and the humbug."

MARTHA STEWART, Bardonia, Ky.
Singer-actress



"It's fun. The build up is wonderful. Gorgeous George's valet sprays the ring with perfume before his entry. True, the wrestlers do a lot of clowning, but when they get down to business it's a skilled contest and extremely exciting. The nastier the brutes are, the better we women like it."

**NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:**

Race tracks in France are experimenting with women jockeys. Would you bet on a girl jockey?

spice for life...

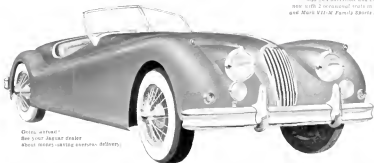
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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Le Mans • The unvanishing Indians • Shocking news from the cricket close • Track's beardless record-breakers • The state of Old Archie's heart

LE MANS

THE TRAGEDY at Le Mans (*see page 50*), in which 87 persons were killed and 108 seriously injured, cast a pall over the entire world of sport last week. No one could remember an event more catastrophic. It seemed the more heartbreaking because it came to people on a day's outing, people enjoying a respite from a workaday world where tragedy is not so rare.

Sportsmen everywhere extend condolences and deepest sympathy to the bereaved of Le Mans. And, perhaps, it might not be too soon to express grateful admiration to the Mercedes-Benz team. Because the car which plunged into the crowd was a Mercedes, driven by Pierre Levegh, the entire Mercedes driving team withdrew from the race.

No team was more serious about winning at Le Mans and, by this gesture, the drivers spoke for all the world of sport.

DEFEAT IN THE WEST

IT WAS a confident, cocky Yankee team which swept into Cleveland Stadium to wind up a victorious, 20-game march down the Eastern shore and across the Western slopes of the American League. Five games ahead of the second-place White Sox, the Yankees clipped the staggering Indians in the series opener, widened their lead another half notch over idle Chicago, and then prepared to make a farce of the remainder of the season by dealing Cleveland a death blow in the

final three games. But the Indians, a slumbering giant plagued all spring by injuries and inefficiency at the plate, ruined the script. Bats booming, they overcame a five-run deficit to win on Saturday, then overpowered the Yankees twice in the Sunday double-header. It was a chastened group of New Yorkers who returned home this week, the once comfortable lead shaved to two and one half games and real trouble ahead in a suddenly red-hot race for the pennant.

Rival managers Stengel and Lopez refused to give the fans a Bob Turley—Herb Score strikeout duet (SI, May 30), but there were no signs of resentment at the box office. In three days, including the Sunday double-header

season record of 69,532, Cleveland and the Yankees played to a daily average of nearly 43,000. The spinning turnstiles also helped the Yankees set an all-time major league attendance record for a single road trip (440,035). Thus the 1955 Yankees are presenting the baseball world with two great questions: What is this Yankee team—lacking a Murderer's Row, a pitching Big Three, or even a DiMaggio—doing up there in the first place? And why does everyone except the New York fans want to see them so much?

Stengel attributes the Yankee lead to one thing ("We're ahead because Cleveland has been losing"), but there is more to the success story than that.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Swaps and Nashua made it dramatically clear that their two-horse match race (planned for Chicago next August and reported last week in SI) would be one of the most exciting in turf history: Nashua by a nine-length victory in the \$119,800 Belmont Stakes, Swaps by breaking the world record for a mile and 1/16th and beating last year's Kentucky Derby winner, Determined, in the \$109,800 Californian at Hollywood Park. But the horses had hardly cooled out when plans for their mid-summer duel bogged down in a tug of war between competing promoters (*see page 45*). With interest at a fever peak, however, racing fans were looking forward to a dream race.

Hatchet-faced Carmen Basilio of Canastota, N.Y., won the welterweight championship from Boston's tough Tony DeMarco at Syracuse, in one of the most savage battles of boxing's television era.

Screaming time after time past the scene of automobile racing's most appalling tragedy, Britain's Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb drove a Jaguar to victory in the 24-hour sports car race at Le Mans, France.

Brooklyn's Right Hander Don Newcombe, who ran up a 16-game winning streak despite being suspended and fined by Manager Walter Alston (for refusing to pitch batting practice last May), was finally knocked out of the box by the Chicago Cubs and charged with his first loss.

Brigades of oarsmen from the West Coast, Middlewest and the eastern seaboard headed for Lake Ontario at Syracuse, N.Y., and the most wide open IRA championship regatta in years (though unbeaten Penn is slightly favored on the basis of performance, Cornell, Washington, Wisconsin and Navy are all rated as possible winners).

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 8

The Yankees, hurt by injuries to key men (Infielder Jerry Coleman, hard-hitting rookie First Baseman Bill Skowron, veteran Catcher Yogi Berra), have continued to win, anyway. A 38-year-old castoff National League relief pitcher, Jim Konstanty, has been performing almost daily miracles behind the faltering Yankee starters. Reserve First Baseman Eddie Robinson has been having a field day whacking clutch home runs for New York victories. And the once-famed Yankee bench strength is far from depleted as long as versatile performers like Negro Rookie Elton Howard and Joe Collins and aging but still active Phil Rizzuto are around.

Other than that, there are still traces of some old Yankee trademarks. The team leads the league in home runs with perennially promising Mickey Mantle heading toward his first great year. Even gloomy Casey Stengel admires the defensive play. "They catch the ball pretty good," he admits. And there is, as always, a spirit and hustle which, if not a Yankee monopoly, is at least a Yankee tradition.

SLOGAN

OFFERED to Leo Durocher and the fumbling Giants by Dan Parker, sports editor of the New York *Mirror*: "Wait till last year!"

EYES HAVE IT

TIME WAS when the game of baseball was built on the unsupported opinions of the baseball scouts. The old-timers of this breed could size up a rookie in a single afternoon and predict his future pretty accurately on the back of a penny postcard. Some didn't need that much space. Mike Gonzalez of the St. Louis Cardinals, for instance, is remembered for a classic of brevity. Reporting on a bushy one time, he wired the Cardinal office: "Good field, no hit."

Mike's day is long gone. Things are getting more and more scientific. Branch Rickey has reduced the entire game to a formula only slightly more complicated than the Einstein Theory. Walt Alton of the Dodgers is up to his hips in charts. Clubs hire mathematicians to sit up in the stands and tabulate everything from curve balls to passing airplanes. And now it becomes clear that the game is off on a new scientific kick: visual perception.

Mike Gonzalez, with his Cuban gift for simplification, likely would define visual perception as: "Can him see good?" But there is, it seems, more to it than that. The question is not alone can him see good, but also how good is him depth perception?

Two hall clubs now have visual perception projects going for them. The Milwaukee Braves hired an expert to work with the boys in their rookie camp at Waycross, Ga. She is Mrs. Alice Richardson, 51, a former school-teacher, and she undertook to make rookie eyes sharper by a baseball adaptation of fast-reading techniques. Just what Mrs. Richardson accomplished cannot be proved, but one thing is sure: she did no harm. Almost all Milwaukee farm clubs are in first division.

At Rochester, home of the Red Wings of the International League, a more ambitious project is now in its third year. The Bausch & Lomb Optical Company (whose president, Carl Hallauer, is a Red Wing director) has been testing the eyes of Rochester players with a machine called an "orthorater." This excellent contraption is under the direction of an attractive University of Kentucky graduate named C. Jane Davis. Miss Davis and her machine feature a series of 12 eye tests measuring among other things depth perception.

"For judging fielding ability," says Miss Davis, "depth perception appears to be the most revealing visual skill. Seventy-six per cent of the players whose eyesight passed this test had fielding averages in the upper half of the league's standings. Only 24% of the players who passed were in the

lower half. Thus a fielder who passes the test has three times as good a chance of being in the upper half as a player who fails."

The tests also indicate hitting ability, and Miss Davis believes that she can even predict batting slumps. But the big value of the orthorater, says Miss Davis, would be in making a selection between two young ballplayers of apparently equal ability. The one with a slight edge would show up in the tests.

Or put it this way: If a big league scout could take one of these machines



and give the test to a prospect who was flashy in the field but a little weak at the bat, why then the scout could just stay up all night making his calculations and then, first thing in the morning, shoot off a wire to the home office:

"Good field, no hit."

CALORIE COUNT

SNIPING AT the ancient British game of cricket from such vantage points as New York, Memphis or Seattle—or worse, doing so in England with an American accent—is probably the most ineffectual critical exercise in the world. It would be rank understatement to say that it is something like throwing marbles at a buttoned-up Patton tank, or planting a firecracker with a clockwork fuse in an elevator shaft of the Empire State Building. Groucho Marx watched an interminable game last year at Lord's Cricket Ground in London and finally asked: "How long can they be at bat without running?" When a nearby Briton politely replied, "Theoretically, for a matter of days," Groucho said, "At night they play with phosphorescent balls?" Nobody smiled. Nobody frowned.

Criticism of cricket must come from within. Americans who feel an ungovernable urge to inform Englishmen that cricket is not one of the world's greatest games—and it must be admitted that despite all the amity and concord which now exist in Anglo-American affairs, there are thousands of them—should seek English sources for their objections. These, oddly enough, are easy to find. Cricket once had a Black Sox scandal all its own—in the early days of the 19th Century



GOOD FORM

Her jersey's awararin'

From midriff to head;

The ball of the jurlin

Cungh in a thread.

—Irwin L. Stein

a well-known player accepted a bribe of £100 to throw a game. Novelist Mary Russell Mitford (1787-1854) protested vehemently at the dullness of a



game at Lord's during the reign of George IV:

"I anticipated great pleasure from so grand an exhibition. What a mistake! There they were—a set of ugly old men, white-haired and bald-headed . . . dressed in light white jackets with neckcloth primly tucked over their throats, fine Japanese shoes, silk stockings. . . . There they stood, riled in by themselves, silent, solemn . . . making a business of the thing, grave as judges, taciturn as chess players. . . ." Mary almost blew a fuse. But it is not necessary to rely on such moss-grown criticism. In the last issue of England's authoritative medical journal, *The Lancet*, Physiologist John Fletcher has presented a report calculated to warm every Dodger fan's heart and to reduce a high percentage of his own countrymen to apoplexy.

Its basic premise: A cricketer uses little more energy in a day than a spectator who is watching him from a deck chair. Fletcher discovered, for instance, that a fast bowler or well-set batsman consumes only 250 calories of energy in an hour—as compared to 324 for a man walking four miles in the same period—while a man alternately hating, howling and fielding uses up no more energy than is needed to drive a car or do office work. It seems only fair to add, however, that only two newspapers saw fit to report the devastating news at all, that not one letter-to-the-editor has appeared as a result of it, that English cricketers are continuing their earnest efforts to get "fit" for coming test matches with South Africa, and that Englishmen are still watching the game with stolid, unshaken and unshatterable joy.

WAVE OF THE FUTURE

NEVER, in one short year, has the world of track and field cast off so many shackling preconceptions: on the eve of the 1956 Olympics, with the four-minute mile a dazzling fact and the Russian juggernaut a startling new force, neither records nor long accepted U.S. superiority are sacred any longer. But some preconceptions have been

destroyed within the U.S., too. During the last four months, while their elders stole the headlines, an astoundingly precocious crop of U.S. high school students has staged the greatest orgy of record breaking in scholastic history, and in so doing has made it plain that they too may well be in the reckoning before the score is settled at Melbourne.

Few of them are over 18 and many of them are younger. Most of them have served little more than a bare apprenticeship in their chosen events but they have demonstrated an uncanny mastery of technique in hurdles, weight events and jumps as well as fleetness in sprint races on the flat. A few of them, in fact, are already so good that they could extend the world's best this week if thrown into competition with them.

The most spectacular performer, in point of virtuosity, is Eddie Southern, a lithe and long-legged 17-year-old from Dallas, Texas. Southern broke one of the seven high school records which fell this spring and tied another; he equaled Jesse Owens' old mark of 20.7 for 220 yards and ran the fastest time ever—a blistering 47.2—in the quarter mile. In addition he fled over the 120-yard high hurdles in 14.1—an amazing performance, even though high school athletes use a hurdle which is three inches short of the regulation 42 inches and though one other 17-year-old, Ken Thompson of Compton, Calif., has equaled his time this year.

In Phoenix, Ariz., a heedless 16-year-old named Jip Brewer pole vaulted 14 feet 2 inches (beating his 17-year-old next-door neighbor, Ernie Bullard,

who could only manage 13 feet 6½ inches). Eighteen-year-old Charles Dumas, of Compton, Calif., set a new high school record by high jumping 6 feet 9½ inches, and then threatened every jumper in the world by doing 6 feet 10½ inches (only an inch under USC's national champion, Ernie Shelton) at the Southern Pacific AAU meet. Charley Tidwell of Independence, Kan., ran a 9.5 hundred (with a brisk following wind) and set a new record of 18.5 for a 180-yard flight of low hurdles.

The 1955 high school season did dramatize the basis of one chronic U.S. weakness on the track—the fact that youth can seldom compete with age in distance events. Rangy, crop-headed Miller Tom Skurka of Morris Hills (N.J.) Regional High School ran the fastest interscholastic mile of all time at Rutgers Stadium a fortnight ago. His time: 4:19.5. It was a tremendous accomplishment for an 18½-year-old. So was the 4:20 mile with which Tod White of Newport Beach, Calif., broke the accepted record earlier in the season. But both, of course, were 20 seconds from real glory.

In almost all other events, however, the gaps between 1955's high school stars and their elders were far narrower. Dave Cones of Culpeper, Va., put the 12-pound shot 59 feet 8½ inches. Nineteen-year-old Bobby (The Mouse) Mossart of Abilene, Texas ran a 1:54.3 half mile. Doney Bohling of Albuquerque, N. Mex. threw the discus 179 feet 9¾ inches. Two relay records fell: Jefferson High School of Los Angeles set

continued on next page



"That stops!"

continued from page 12

a mark of 1:27.2 for the half mile; Robert E. Lee High School of Baytown, Texas set one of 3:17.9 for the mile. All of which should make interesting reading in London, Vienna, Stockholm, Prague—and Moscow.

BROKEN BUT BEATING

HE LIKES to fight himself into condition." Archie Moore's trainer was saying the other day. He was up at Ehsan's Training Camp in New Jersey where the light heavyweight champion is struggling to lop off 21½ pounds before defending his title against Bobo Olson next Wednesday night (see page 60). "We had five bouts lined up, but the doctors had Archie running all over the country on this heart business."

Archie's aging heart has unquestionably become the most publicized coronary pump in the sporting world. In the past three months cardiac experts in San Diego and Chicago thought



they discovered a heart condition. Specialists in San Francisco and Detroit reversed that decision. "As normal a cardiovascular system as anybody could wish," concluded the San Francisco examiner.

The tie-breaking vote now comes from the New York State Athletic Commission experts who decided to find out for themselves. The doctors listened with stethoscopes, looked with a fluoroscope and recorded with an electrocardiograph.

Their diagnosis: Moore's heart is slightly enlarged—quite the usual thing among athletes—otherwise absolutely normal.

Moore's diagnosis: All I got is a broken heart because I can't get a fight with Rocky Marciano.

THE BLABBER

THE RIGHT HAND," said the professor standing in the surf of the Atlantic Ocean at Jones Beach on Long Island, "grasps the rod-butt immediately below the reel, like so, with the left side of the thumb resting on the left side of the reel spool firmly enough to prevent the reel from revolving. Like so. Now never 'thumb' your line or

you may get a bad burn. Thumb the reel. Like so. Clear?"

The professor, a lean, red-haired, red-necked man of 40 named Jerry Jansen, turned and looked at his pupils standing in a semicircle behind him. The little group included, among a half dozen others, an advertising man, a mechanic, a bartender, a small boy, a postal worker, a manufacturer, and a pretty girl in dark glasses. All were members of Professor Jansen's spring course in surfcasting, which consists of five indoor classes held at a trade school on lower Second Avenue in Manhattan and two field trips to Jones Beach. As the professor looked searchingly at each one, the student casters grasped their rods a little tighter and nodded understandingly. Only the girl in dark glasses was bold enough to ask a question. "How," she said, "do you mean?"

"Like so," said the professor, demonstrating again. The girl nodded as the professor cast beautifully far out into the Atlantic and the students gasped in admiration. The professor, who is not immune to an occasional backlash, cried out happily: "Now you do it!"

The students hurried to position, leaving a safe distance between them, and went to work. The professor fell back to watch them worriedly, shouting instructions and, after a bit, hurrying

from one to another for swift individual diagnosis. He complimented the bartender who was casting acceptably although he had never held a rod in his hands before. He moved on to the mechanic and regretfully informed him that his rod, purchased at a cut-rate tackle shop, was "a bum stick." The mechanic looked so crestfallen that the professor hastily corrected himself. "It's not hopeless," he said. "It can be fixed." He swiftly drew a diagram. "See?" he said. "Like so."

From time to time, some of the veteran surfcasters working the beach would stop and listen, frowning, as the professor spilled secrets of the art which, in the view of the old-timers, should be learned by bitter experience. "That guy ought not to be blabbing all that," said one surfcaster, shaking his head. "Let 'em learn it the hard way, like everybody else."

Professor Jansen, a foreman of painters by trade, who teaches surfcasting as a hobby, dissents: "I say the more casters the merrier, and this is only the beginning. Next month a half dozen of us pros are going to put on an exhibition out here and I understand they're going to take movies and put them on television. The old-timers better get used to the idea—you can't keep the art of casting a secret in this modern day and age."

SPECTACLE

READY ALL? ROW!

Each year the third week in June produces both America's oldest rowing classic and the battle for national crew honors

To U.S. oarsmen there is nothing quite so tremulously exciting as the combination of a late June afternoon, a blue expanse of water, and the urgent cadence of the coxswain's cry as eight bodies bend in unison to their oars. Add the din of shrieking sirens and tooting horns from spectator yachts forming a flag-draped lane to the finish line and you have the setting for a championship crew race. This weekend, only 24 hours and 225 miles apart, the scene will be duplicated at America's two best-known races. At New London, Conn. (see opposite and following pages), Yale and Harvard, who originated college rowing 103 years ago, will race for the 90th time, upstream over an exhausting four-mile course. At Syracuse, N.Y., 12 other varsity crews will vie for the mythical national championship in the 53rd renewal of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta, better known from other days as The Poughkeepsie. For a preview and cast of characters in these classics, see page 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HEEK



Brightly bedecked craft of all descriptions line the course in New London's Thames River as Harvard's high stroking freshman crew sprints for the finish line in the opening race of last year's traditional regatta with Yale. Other spectators watch from observation train.



The big one: In the full sunlight of late afternoon, Yale's varsity crew (at left) approaches the end of the long and tiring four-mile



course, clinging to a lead of a length-plus over Harvard. Officials, coaches and press representatives trail the shells in launches



Rowing fans, Yale and Harvard alike, follow the varsity race in air-conditioned comfort from a streamlined observation train.

Railroad right of way parallels the river over the entire course, providing fine panoramic view of the race from start to finish.



Completely exhausted by the cruel, merciless grind of America's longest crew race, dejected Harvard oarsmen sag limply in their

shell at the finish. Harvard somehow found strength for a closing sprint to trim Yale's victory margin to less than a boat length.

COLLEGIANS, MAN YOUR OARS

In rowing's big week, Penn and Cornell are favorites in the transplanted Poughkeepsie Regatta at Syracuse; one day earlier Yale meets Harvard in the 90th renewal of their four-mile rowing classic at New London

by LEE GRIGGS



AT EXACTLY 4 p.m. on Saturday afternoon, June 18, Referee Clifford (Tip) Goes will be standing in a launch on Lake Onondaga at Syracuse, N.Y. He will face 12 sleek, eight-oared racing shells, each moored to a stake boat with its complement of eight tall, muscular undergraduates poised at their oars. Through his megaphone Goes will shout, "Ready all? Row!" At this command, the shells will be away on a three-mile grind in quest of the Varsity Challenge Cup, that ugly, pitcherlike trophy (upper right) emblematic of the national collegiate rowing championship. This year's Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta, the 53rd, has drawn entries from coast to coast—Boston University, California, Columbia, Cornell, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Navy, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Stanford, Syracuse, Washington and Wisconsin. Rowing-wise observers favor undefeated Pennsylvania, the eastern sprint champions, and a powerful Cornell boat that has yet to live up to its preseason billing as the nation's best. Navy's graduation-decimated champions of a year ago and Washington's inexperienced Huskies are the dark horses. And Stanford's "orphans of the West," whose rowers pay their own way on a minuscule crew budget of \$5,000 a year (\$1, June 13), are the sentimental favorites.

Since early June, when Columbia arrived for pre-race workouts, Lake Onondaga has echoed to the shrill cry of the coxswains, urging more power and pull from their crews in repeated sprints and distance time trials. By race day most crews will have had several days of rowing on Onondaga. The two favorites—Penn and Cornell—have been working out on Lake Cayuga in Ithaca, N.Y., where last weekend they raced each other over a placid 2½-mile course, Penn winning by a length. Both then moved to Onondaga for last-minute tune-ups, bringing the total of oarsmen gathered there for the regatta to more than 300. All of them are being housed and fed in a huge dormitory at the New York State Fairgrounds.

In 1950, the stewards, perturbed by bad rowing conditions on the wave-tossed Hudson, moved the regatta to the Ohio River at Marietta. But the Ohio turned out to be even more unfriendly than the Hudson. The night before the 1950 race a five-inch downpour started flash floods on the Muskingum River, which empties into the Ohio a

furlong below the starting line. By race time, the Muskingum was spraying 60-foot logs and masses of debris onto the course. The race was shortened to two miles. Navy broke an oar on a stray buoy, currents dragged the finish line near Rens out of position and the observation train broke down. The next year was no better. Flood conditions again held the race to two miles. Two Navy shells sank, Princeton broke a rudder and Penn sprang a leak on the rampaging Ohio. In 1952 the race was moved again—to Onondaga.

Early this season, Cornell looked like a sure thing to re-enter the winning column for the first time since 1930. The Ithacans are big (averaging 6 feet 3½ inches, 187 pounds) as a crew should be, with long arms for superior stroking and plenty of weight for more pulling power. But they have been hampered by bad spring rowing weather and haven't had the long rows needed to jell into an integrated unit. Penn's crew is not nearly so hefty (5 feet 1¾ inches, 175 pounds), but it is a model of precision rowing. The varsity has been intact seven months and, with no rough-water problems on Philadelphia's sluggish Schuylkill River, has not missed a day's practice. Deadly at sprints, Penn's problem will be to adjust to the longer grind. Judging by the winning performance over Cornell last week, it seems they are making the adjustment.

Meanwhile, at New London, Conn. the same routine is being followed by Yale and Harvard, the two major abstainers from the IRA, who have been winding up preparations for their own personal crew race, the oldest intercollegiate sports event in the U.S. Yale, with six men returning from last year's boat that whipped Harvard, is favored to win the four-mile grind, longest crew race in America. Harvard will boast five sophomores in hopes of scoring its 48th victory (Yale has won 42) in a series that began 103 years ago.

Yale and Harvard had the intercollegiate crew field practically to themselves in the early days, but in 1895 Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania rowed a four-mile race on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie in the first IRA classic. With one exception (In 1898, when the race was rowed on Saratoga Lake, N.Y.) the event remained at Poughkeepsie until 1950. Today, it is still popularly known as the Poughkeepsie Regatta to most rowing buffs. (END)

JIM NORRIS' GARDEN PARTY

The rugged man who rules boxing and dominates hockey has now taken command of the Madison Square Garden set, leading to the sudden en masse resignation of its board chairman and five other directors

by MARTIN KANE



GEN. JOHN R. KILPATRICK (LEFT), CHAIRMAN

SINCE THE MIDDLE of the manic 20s Madison Square Garden has been the premier sports palace of America. Boxing, hockey and basketball, six-day bike races, horse, dog and ice shows, the circus and rodeo have for 30 years drawn throngs, sometimes in evening dress, to seamy, down-at-heels Eighth Avenue. There the Garden imposes its dingy brick and ornate concrete front on the block between 49th and 50th streets. Its setting is a drab jungle of saloons, pawnshops, tenements, cheap hotels and strip-tease costumers. The Garden has prestige enough to permeate this ragout with its own strong flavor. The bars run to names like The Neutral Corner and Mickey Walker's Tavern. The bookstores sell not only sex-perfumed paperback but books on how to box.

The setting was chosen because desirable New York real estate is expensive and the Garden, though on the fringes of Hell's Kitchen, is within easy reach of Times Square and Broadway.

For all that the Garden lives in a sleazy neighborhood, it has enjoyed a dignity comparable to that of the big house in a poor section of town. Its original backers were known as "the 600 millionaires"—an exaggeration—and its directors have been men of probity and position. They earned their reputations and fortunes for the most part outside of sport but enjoyed association with it.

The average sports fan never has known or cared much about the corporate structure of the Garden or the backgrounds of the men who have run it. Most of its 15 directors had names

found more readily on the financial than the sports pages. Yet last week their names leaped onto the front page; six of the 15 resigned.

Ordinarily, the business activities of these six men fail to attract Page One headlines. What made the news hannerworthy this time was the added element of James D. Norris, whose name has become increasingly important in sports and, in recent

THE SIX DIRECTORS WHO RESIGNED



SIDNEY J. WEINBERG

Partner with Goldman, Sachs and Company, investment bankers, Weinberg is a former governor of the New York Stock Exchange and a director of such companies as Cluett, Peabody & Co., Continental Can, General Cigar and General Electric.



STANTON GRIFFIS

Former ambassador to Spain and other nations, he joined with Floyd Oillum of Atlas Corporation to acquire control of the Garden in 1933. Griffis is a trustee of Cornell University. A fishing buddy of resignee Gimbel, he has movie, banking interests.



WILLIAM M. GREVE

Onetime president of New York Investors, Inc. and director of many companies, he amassed a fortune. His directorships have included the Brooklyn Trust Co., Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Co. (subway), Hupp Motor Corp. and Thompson-Starrett Co.



OF THE BOARD OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, AND JAMES O. NORRIS, PRESIDENT, TELL THEIR VERSION OF SHAKE-UP TO NEWSMEN AT GARDEN OFFICE

years, in Garden affairs. The Norris family has owned Garden stock for more than 15 years, but recently Jim Norris has been picking it up in ever larger amounts. With Arthur M. Wirtz, his Chicago partner, he now controls some 60%.

Although the Garden is revered by millions, to Jim Norris it is only a part of his boxing-hockey octopus centering around the International Boxing

Club, of which he is president, and the three National Hockey League teams owned by Norris interests. In such an organization the Garden is becoming a tarnished link in a long chain. It has assumed the aspect of a mere part of the Norris family empire, which includes such sports arenas as the Detroit Olympia and the Chicago Stadium.

Norris, though a multimillionaire and equipped by money standards to

fit into the Garden's corporate structure, is a strange departure from the old Garden ruling class. His interest in sport was nurtured by his father, a passionate hockey fan, then roiled by association with thugs to whom sport is a commodity to be adulterated for profit. From the days of his youth 48-year-old Jim Norris has been the buddy pal of thieves and killers, gamblers and

continued on next page



BERNARD F. GIMBEL

Owner of the famous department stores, Gimbel is an ardent sportsman, was varsity football sub at Penn and a fine amateur heavyweight boxer. He succeeded Griffs as chairman of the Garden board in 1947 and remained so until Norris took command.



WALTER P. CHRYSLER JR.

Heir to the Chrysler automobile millions, he has headed the Chrysler Building Corporation since 1938. He produced the movie *The Joe Louis Story* and has from time to time owned racing stables. His collection of modern paintings is worth \$1 million.



JANSEN NOYES

Senior partner of Hemphill, Noyes & Co., investment bankers, which Griffs helped found, he is director of the National Horse Show, which helped build the old Garden. Other Noyes firms are Southeastern Greyhound Lines and Colonial Stores.

GARDEN PARTY

continued from page 19

fixers. He began this association with the scum of the Chicago underworld and extended his range to the garbage of New York and Miami.

Obviously, such people, though they hang around the Garden on fight nights, are not likely to know Garden directors. But they know Jim Norris.

The reasons the resigning directors gave for their action were either none or various. Bernard F. Gimbel, a fine amateur boxer in his youth, has a life-long interest in sports. Chairman of the Garden board for 10 years, Gimbel curiously referred to a long, pleasant relationship with Norris. The department store owner said he had been thinking for years about cutting down "outside" activities.

Sidney J. Weinberg, the investment banker, made it clear, however, that Norris' control was not to his liking.

"I fundamentally believe," he said, "that a director who is beholden to one or two men is a captive director. But my resignation had nothing to do with the boxing investigation (by the New York boxing commission). Whenever a company is owned by one or two men you become a captive director."

After that, silence, except for statements by Norris, who now becomes

Garden president, and echoes by General John R. Kilpatrick, who moves up from president to chairman of the board. Norris was quick to deny that the resignations stemmed from his testimony before the New York State boxing commission (SI, May 30), in that he had been quick to deny that in 20 years of friendship with Frank Carbo he had ever learned how the hoodlum made a living.

A BOARD OF NINE

The new board, reduced to nine, consists of Norris; Kilpatrick; Wirtz; James I. Bush, retired utilities executive; Edward S. (Ned) Irish, executive vice president of the Garden; Daniel R. Topping, co-owner and president of the New York Yankees; Henry Crown, Chicago businessman and sole owner of the Empire State Building; Benjamin C. Milner Jr., of the law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, which handles legal matters for the Garden; and Edwin J. Weisl, also of the law firm.

The official Norris-Kilpatrick explanation for the resignation en masse was that "the Garden board for many years has operated as a harmonious unit but it was felt that many decisions of policy on important pending matters could be effectively resolved by a smaller board. . . ." Norris added that it would also be easier to get a quorum

of five with the new, smaller board. Asked what previously constituted a quorum, he said nine. Unaware of the implication, Kilpatrick quickly corrected him. "It was five, too," he said.

Norris made it seem that he had been on the verge of requesting the directors' resignations when they beat him to the punch. Actually, no such move had been intimated. The directors who resigned did so out of resentment that Norris would have made them mere window dressing for Norris' operations. He wanted to reduce the executive committee of the board to three men—Norris, Wirtz and one other—who then would do as they pleased, regardless of what the directors wanted. The proposal was too great an indignity for the six directors and, since Norris controlled the situation, they had no recourse but to quit.

LOSING ITS LUSTER

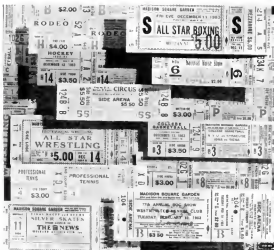
As Norris has figured more and more prominently in the Garden management, the great arena has begun to lose its onetime luster. It is in trouble. It is named, along with Norris, Wirtz and the IBC, in a federal antimonopoly action. This is scheduled for trial in October. On its outcome may depend the very existence of the IBC, and if the IBC goes out of existence the face of televised boxing will change, perhaps for the better. Norris told the *New York Daily News*:

"It all depends on what happens in the government's antitrust suit. The government may say that the Garden should run its own boxing and in that case I am prepared, as president of the Garden, to do just that and dissolve the IBC."

The Garden also has reason to doubt that its lucrative Ringling Brothers circus contract will be renewed. However, five years ago Norris, Wirtz and Hopalong Cassidy, the then owners of the Cole Brothers Circus, merged with the Barnes Brothers Circus. The Garden may yet have a circus next spring—and a Jim Norris circus at that.

Another problem, which Norris never has worried deeply about, is that boxing crowds, the Garden's mainstay in its founding period, have dwindled to studio size under television.

But so they have in all fight arenas. The Garden's real problem is that it is tarred by proximity with a brush that has been dipped in boxing's dirty business. Jim Norris is the Garden's and boxing's bigwig. Boxing today is in the three-fingered grip of Norris (via the Garden and IBC), the International Boxing Guild (a mutual benefit



INDOOR SPORTS, from boxing to basketball, with occasional departures into the

world of the circus and professional wrestling, made Madison Square Garden famous.

association of managers) and Carbo, the underworld boss of boxing, powerful enough to impose his will on matchmakers and managers.

When Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State boxing commission, questioned Norris about his long association with Carbo he may have had in mind Section 17, Paragraph (b) of the commission rules and regulations. The paragraph states: "... the commission may suspend or revoke a license or refuse to renew or issue a license, if it shall find that the applicant, or any person who is a partner, agent, employee, stockholder or associate of the applicant ... has consorted or associated with hookmakers, gamblers or persons of similar pursuits. ..."

The Madison Square Garden of today is the third of its line to bear the name. It is 23 blocks uptown from Madison Square, where an abandoned car barn became, in 1870, Franconi's Hippodrome, later Barnum's Hippodrome when it housed P. T. Barnum's circus and finally, when William K. Vanderbilt bought the building, Madison Square Garden. The ladies and gentlemen of the National Horse Show Association held their first show there in 1883 and later, with Barnum, commissioned famous Architect Stanford White to design a new Garden in the same location. Of brick and stucco, with exterior colors of cream, buff and terra cotta, it sported a swank lobby-café. Its Moorish tower was the highest edifice in the area, and its crowning glory, a roof garden, became the gathering place of café society in the early 1900's, despite the slight discouragement of the murder there of Architect White by Harry K. Thaw.

Today's Garden, built in 1925 for Tex Rickard, is far more efficient, far less glamorous. It is an office building joined to a sports arena, its ground floor let out to sturges—rigars, haberdashery, shoes, hats, sporting goods—and a counter restaurant (hot dogs and a vitamin-fortified orange drink). On its second floor are the offices of Nat Fleischer's boxing magazine, *The Ring*, and the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). Above that is mostly unrented office space and a skating rink.

Nothing to delight the eye, the Garden nonetheless is America's temple, symbolic and actual, of sports. Jim Norris runs it now.

FOR MORE NORRISIANA, PLUS BUDD SCHULBERG ON CARMEN BASILIO, SEE FOLLOWING PAGES

THE RULING FAMILY OF SPORTS IS LED BY EMPEROR JAMES

Some have estimated the wealth of James Douglass Norris at a quarter of a billion dollars. That is a good \$50 million more than the presumptive value of the fabulous estate left only three years ago by his father, James Norris. Mrs. Norris was left two homes: at Lake Forest, Illinois and Mattituck, Long Island. A secretary was left \$30,000. The rest went in equal shares to the four children, James D. (the eldest, now aged 48), Eleanor Norris Kneibler, Bruce and Marguerite.

James D. ended up with the major voice in that portion of the quarter billion (more or less) which the Norrises have invested in the field of sports. It's a big portion. The elder Jim Norris, son of a Montreal grain dealer, played hockey fiercely for the Montreal Victorias. He made his financial start in the Chicago grain pits, extended it in rails, cattle, hotels, banks, shipping and more besides. But what he loved most was hockey and when, having built the Chicago Stadium, he decided to buy the Detroit Olympia, he took the Detroit Red Wings hockey team into his fold, too.

It was he, in fact, who started the sports colossus now lorded over by his son Jim. Young Jim, a personable 6-footer who wore a mustache in high school, never managed to get into college but hung around Colgate (with a man assigned by his father to see that he stayed on the premises) for a while. A widower, Norris commutes busily between an apartment on New York's East Side and homes in Long Island and Miami.

In the years since Norris Senior's death, there has been much trading of his sporting legacy among the Norris children. Bruce, for instance, sold his interest in the Chicago Stadium to Jim and Arthur Wirtz. In turn, Bruce bought Wirtz's one-third interest in the Detroit Olympia, leaving Bruce and Marge as sole owners of the Olympia and the Red Wings, except for a small Red Wing interest held by Eleanor. Jim owns the



FATHER JAMES STARTED THE DYNASTY



WISTER MARGE IS HOCKEY EXECUTIVE



BROTHER BRUCE SERVES AS HER PARTNER

Chicago Black Hawks. Madison Square Garden owns the New York Rangers. Jim, Wirtz and the Garden own the International Boxing Club.

Some years ago Jim was dropped from the Social Register, although the rest of his family is still installed in that choosy roster. And Jim's stepmother has little interest in his new friends. When Wirtz's name was mentioned to her at a recent dinner party she replied vaguely: "Oh yes, that man who is a friend of James's."



IN RING AFTER VICTORY BATTERED CARMEN BASILIO RESTS A BLOODY GLOVE ON HIS MOTHER'S SHOULDER. PUTS A TIRED ARM AROUND HIS WIFE

FAMILY NIGHT IN SYRACUSE



EXPECTANT PROMOTER JIM NORRIS WATCHES NEW CHAMPION EMERGE

While New Yorkers mullied the "Directors' Dilemma" at the Garden, an upstate city had some notable guests

A VARIEGATED ASSEMBLY of families foregathered at the ringside in Syracuse, N.Y. last Friday night. Among those present were the Helfands from Brooklyn. Mr. Helfand is a boxing commissioner who has been charged with "making things tough" for the game. The Helfands brought some guests, a couple named Harriman from Albany (below). Mr. Harriman is the governor of New York State. After "a fine show," the governor made a pointed reference to the importance of "clean" sports. Along with the Harrimans and Helfands, an Italian family named Basilio held a little reunion with their own breadwinner, Carmen (opposite page), though they had to wait until a man named Kosler (he came alone) gave the O.K. Present as well was a heavy-headed promoter from New York and points west named James D. Norris (left). He arrived with members of his official family but later, like a tot at the beach, lost them in the crowd. However, he subsequently found them and even indicated a desire to enlarge the clan. The occasion for this assembly was a fight for the welterweight title which is described on the next page by Budd Schulberg.



SMILING GOVERNOR HARRIMAN ENJOYS "A FINE SHOW" WITH BOXING COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HELFAND (LEFT) AND STATE'S FIRST LADY

THE NIGHT THEIR BOY CARMEN WON

In a bloody and courageous battle a thwarted champion had his day

by BUDD SCHULBERG

NEW YEAR'S EVE came early to Syracuse this year. The revised date for the Salt City is June 10. If you miss the significance, any Onondaga County man will be glad to inform you: that's the night their boy, Carmen Basilio, finally found his pot of gold at the end of the welterweight rainbow. Side-stepped by Kid Gavilan, avoided by Johnny Saxton, he had waited almost two years for this crack at the 147-pound title. Things don't always come to them that wait, but the old adage stood up for Carmen Basilio. An overflow crowd of 9,170 passionately vocal rooters stood up for him too, bringing an oldtime sense of excitement to the war memorial auditorium as they hollered their man through some of the bloodiest, hardest-fought rounds this onlooker has seen since the days of Ace Hudkins and Sergeant Sammy Baker.

Knocked senseless in the 10th round, drawing on incredible reserves to come out for the 11th, still fighting back in the 12th when sight and endurance and hope were gone, Tony DeMarco had the classic courage of a champion. He may have come into his title undeservingly when he was given the night with Saxton that should have been Basilio's. But watching him hook and bleed and come on and dig in with both hands and bleed some more through those 11 and a half tense and brutal rounds, you knew he had the heart of a champion even if he lacked the skills of the great ones. Built like a middleweight, dangerous with both hands, aggressive and game almost beyond understanding, the Boston Italian is a formidable man.

But formidable is altogether too mild a word for the new welterweight champion. Flat-faced, squint-eyed, serawny-strong, bearing the scars of a violent and honorable career, Carmen Basilio doesn't box—he fights with the



REFEREE KESSLER, SPATTERED WITH BLOOD, LEADS NEW CHAMP AWAY FROM DEMARCO AFTER

abandon and vicious intent of the alley brawler. The admirers of Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross, Sugar Ray Robinson and other smart-moving welterweight champions may wonder if boxing has become a lost art when Carmen rules the division, for he's a crude one by their standards. But he's a battler in the tradition of the ringmen who loved to fight—the Wolgasts, the Nelsons, the Mickey Walkers. They seem as scarce as buffalo these days, and as an antidote to the Saxtons, Maxims and Dykeses an all-out guy like Basilio gives this cruel but sometimes exhilarating sport some much needed vitality—one could even say virility.

"YOU LIKE IT, CARMEN?"

Tony DeMarco landed some smashing lefts and rights on Carmen's jaw and mouth and eyes through the opening and middle rounds, and every time he scored, a Basilio rooster next to me would cry out gaily, "You like that, Carmen, you don't mind getting punched like that. You like it, Carmen?"

A pretty silly thing to say about a man getting his face punched in, it

seemed to me. But by God, Carmen did seem to like it. The punishment—and his face was almost as bloody a mess as Tony's—seemed only to incite him to fight back more fiercely. Tony's gameness was almost frightening to see; Carmen was more than game—his will to win was inexorable. He was not to be persuaded, moved or affected by DeMarco's best punches. It was still a close fight at the end of nine rounds, but at that point my Basilio rooster looked at my score card and said, "Throw it away. The rounds don't matter. Carmen's gonna kayo 'im."

It was strictly old-fashioned Pler Six and there was a nice homely touch (in a hysterical way) at the end, when Referee Kessler finally stepped in to save the floundering champion from Basilio and Tony's own stand-or-die courage. Carmen fell on his knees and thanked his God for delivering up to him the world's championship he had pursued so long. His plump, bespectacled mother climbed through the ropes to embrace him. His cuts and bruises were forgotten; the flush of victory numbed them like novocain.



ONE MINUTE, 32 SECONDS OF THE 12TH ROUND

A bloody, battered and joyous figure, he danced across the ring to kiss his handsome blonde wife. Fame and fortune, those elusive goddesses, had come at last to the Carmen Basilio, of the onion-and-potato country of Canastota, N.Y.

A few minutes later, Ex-champion DeMareo, still dazed, exhausted, bleeding from his wounds and breathing with difficulty through his broken nose, was lying under a white sheet on the rubbing table in his small, overcrowded dressing room. There were nasty slices in both eyelids. His lip was torn, and there was an ugly gash under his chin. His relatives stood around in silent, mournful groups.

"Kid, you were great tonight ever if you didn't win," a well-wisher said. "I still think you're the better fighter. You'll get him next time, in Boston."

The beaten fighter smiled sadly. A placard at ringside had advertised that the Beantowners were "counting on you to bring home the bacon to Boston." Now all he was bringing home was \$60,000, a busted nose and a broken dream.

END



JUBILANT CARMEN BASILIO, mounted on chair in dressing room, thanks fans and friends for their support. Basilio, who needed four stitches over his right eye and four more in his upper lip, lauded beaten DeMareo as "the toughest kid I ever met."



CHUMMY JIM NORRIS lost no time in getting to Basilio to refute HMC dates, left. Carmen's managers agreeing he will have "final say" in plans. Later, abandoned by usual flying squad of ailes, Norris was forced to shout his way free from dressing room (below).



PART I OF ROGER BANNISTER'S OWN STORY

THE JOY OF RUNNING

The warm and personal story of a runner's boyhood, his first experiences in running, his youthful ambitions and frustrations, and how he developed the power he felt within him to become the greatest miler of all time

by ROGER BANNISTER

I REMEMBER a moment when I stood barefoot on firm dry sand by the sea. The air had a special quality as if it had a life of its own. The sound of breakers on the shore shut out all others. I looked up at the great clouds, like white-sailed galleons, chasing proudly inland. I looked down at the regular ripples on the sand, and could not absorb so much beauty. I was taken aback—each of the myriad particles of sand was as perfect in its way. I looked more closely, hoping perhaps that my eyes might detect some flaw. But for once there was nothing to detract from all this beauty.

In this supreme moment I heapt in sheer joy. I was startled and frightened by the tremendous excitement that so few steps could create. I glanced round uneasily to see if anyone was watching. A few more steps—more self-consciously and now firmly gripping the original excitement. The earth seemed almost to move with me.

I was almost running now, and a fresh rhythm entered my body. No longer conscious of my movement, I discovered a new unity with nature. I had found a new source of power and beauty, a source I never dreamt existed. From intense moments like this, love of running can grow.

As a boy I had no clear understanding of why I wanted to run. I just ran anywhere and everywhere—never because it was an end in itself, but because it was easier for me to run than to walk. My walk was ungainly, as though I had springs in my knees. I always felt impatient to see or do something new, and running saved time.



ON HARNOW'S CRICKET FIELD Bannister trains for 1952 Olympics. Here, near his home, he did much of his early training and it is still a favorite place with him.

Copyright 1955, Roger Bannister

I wonder how much pure sheer fright plays in running. There was a long passage near my home patrolled by a gang of boys bigger and tougher than I. I was about 8 at the time, shy, timid and easily frightened. This gang used to capture other boys and hold them in their "den," submitting them, I imagined, to torture, the very thought of which kept me awake at night. The threat snowballed in my mind and I would walk miles to avoid this particular passage. One day I was halfway through before I thought of the danger. Then I saw the gang in a huddle. At first I tried to go on, keeping my eyes fixed on them. I felt sick with fright as I knew they were waiting for me. My steps grew more leaden, my temples pounded, my body seemed about to burst as I drew closer. I knew I ought to walk through, but fright won before I reached them. I turned and ran, with my head tucked down, my arms and legs flailing along. I tore round the first corner, round the second, and down the road to the safety of my own house. Then a sense of shame overtook me. But I had learned the value of fright as an aid to speed.

I ran for it when I heard my first air-raid siren. I imagined bombs and machine gun bullets raining on me if I didn't go my fastest. Was this a little of the feeling I have now when I shoot into the lead before the last bend and am afraid of a challenge down the finishing straight? To move into the lead means making an attack requiring fearlessness and confidence, but fear must play some part in the last stage, when no relaxation is possible and all discretion is thrown to the winds.

The City of Bath was the background to my first competitive running, my family having moved there at the outbreak of war. The years I spent there are too close for me to be entirely dispassionate about them. I am too young to be able to smile benignly and say what a thoroughly happy life I had at school. I remember only too well what it was actually like. I lived very much in a world of my own. Having started in a new school nearly a term late I felt out of step for a while. It was an unusual mixed atmosphere, half the boys being local residents and the rest like myself evacuees from London. I was more at home with my group of boys from London and even with the masters than with the local boys.

This was the background to my first junior cross-country race. It was an annual event, and the whole school turned out except, I remember, the



BANNISTER, HIS SISTER JOYCE, AND HIS PARENTS

BANNISTER ON WRITING

Roger Bannister, who last week was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire by Queen Elizabeth II, has just finished his autobiography (from which this two-part series was excerpted). It is scheduled for early publication by Dods, Mead & Co. The youthful author has this to say about writing his memoirs at his age: "One of the very few advantages

of writing in my middle twenties is that it is still possible to remember adolescence as a time of both turmoil and frustration. Perhaps only the young should be allowed to reminisce, because only they can remember turmoil and frustration as well as happiness. They are not old enough to see everything in the distorted mirror of time or dimmed by the haze of forgetfulness."

fat boys who wobbled too much. In my first year, when I was about 11, I did no training and came in about 18th. The sheer exertion was extremely painful. I went off very fast, with the fixed notion that despite my age I was going to win.

Next year my House Captain told me to train. My training consisted of running round the two-and-a-half-mile course twice a week as fast as I could, then limping off home and taking two days to recover. One result was that I developed pains in my heels, and was told it was my Achilles tendon. This sounded a most professional injury to have so I told my friends about it — "Yes, Achilles tendon trouble. Most runners get it at some time or other."

A THIRD-FORM GIANT

No one of my age had won the race before, so I did not have to worry about being the favorite. But this did not prevent me from lying awake the night before. I thought hard about tucking my head well down (this was what my gym master advised), and chasing the third-form giant who had won the race last year. I had been quietly watching him for some time. He had no idea who I was, of course, and my keen eye detected signs of his overconfidence and

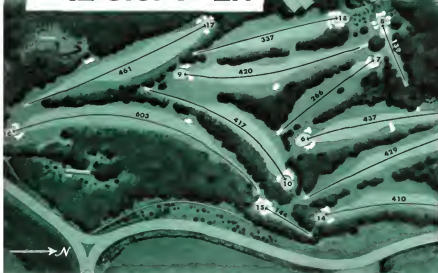
of unfitness through lack of training. I won the race, and remember with pleasure the utter astonishment of all my school friends.

This victory restored some of my waning self-respect, and I settled down to other activities with renewed vigor. In the peculiar convention of English schools it now seemed that I would be allowed by my school fellows to work hard because I also won races. It was apparently the magic formula for being accepted by those who never worked at all. This was the moment when I stumbled upon the technique of masquerading as the good games-playing schoolboy. This discovery worked, and gave me greater freedom in the next few years to follow my own inclinations. I am sure that I was not a better runner than the others in the sense of having more innate ability. I just knew I had to win for the sake of peace. It was as simple as that.

I went up to Oxford in the autumn of 1946 to study medicine. In Oxford, I had been told, a man without a sport is like a ship without a sail. Here, it seemed, you could both work and play, each being complementary to the other. The idea appealed to me, the

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PREVIEW THE U.S. OPEN



SWEPT BY FOG AND WIND FROM THE PACIFIC, SAN FRANCISCO'S OLYMPIC CLUB COURSE IS SHORT BUT HARROWING EXERCISE FOR TOP COLTERS

THE OLYMPIC GETS AN OVERHAUL

Golf's foremost architect tells how he landscaped a tough but outdated course into a battleground worthy of the champions of today and their modern weapons

by **ROBERT TRENT JONES**

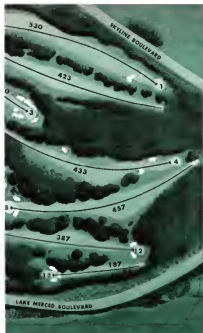
THIS YEAR in San Francisco it has again been my privilege to work with the U.S. Golf Association and the host club in analyzing the playing values of the course selected as the site of the Open championship and then to change and modify the course so that the player who has made the best golf shots will emerge the champion. This modification is done in several ways. First, the course is stretched to its ultimate length. The fairways are drawn in, the rough alongside the fairway is allowed to grow to a height of two to three inches and the stretch of rough for the next 15 or 18 feet from the fairway is allowed to grow four or five inches high. Traps are altered to protect pin positions, usually by extending them part of the way across the entrance to the green. Additionally, to penalize inaccurate approaches, rough is allowed to grow around the whole perimeter of the green.

There are several characteristics that make the Olympic Club, the venue of the 1935 Open, different from the courses on which the championship has recently been held. For one thing, the holes are completely tree-lined.

Compared to Merion, Oakmont and Baltusrol its greens are small. Only 6,700 yards long, the course is the shortest on which the Open has been held during the last five years. Nevertheless, it does possess a high percentage of long and testing holes and should prove a thorough examination in golf.

The hole that demanded the most ingenuity in revision was the 7th, 266 yards in length and previously the weakest hole on the course. We strengthened it by letting almost the entire fairway grow into rough, leaving a small fairway area we are calling the Dewdrop, so that from the tee the player is confronted with hitting a small target before playing his pitch to the green. We also brought the trap before the green completely across the face and then partly along both sides, and further increased the difficulty by adding a crown contour in the center of the green. Now you must earn your birdie on the 7th.

The hole that underwent the most drastic revision was the 14th. Previously this hole was a dog-leg to the left, 410 yards long. The fairway was broad, with a wide sweep



DRAWING BY FRED ENG

to the right and a trap on the left; the green entrance was flank-trapped but with a generous opening. If a player had a fairly long drive and caught the down slope it left him with a relatively short approach to the green. To fortify this hole, the trap to the left was eliminated and the fairway to the right was narrowed considerably. At the green, the trapping was pulled diagonally across the face of the green so that the opening is from the left side of the fairway. This change makes the desired position on the drive well to the left-hand side of the fairway. Placing your drive in that position involves the tremendous risk of hooking into the trees and possibly rolling down the hill into a very ugly barranca.

The finish at Olympic is strong. The 16th hole, 603 yards to a small green, will require two big woods and a manly iron. The 461-yard 17th, a par four uphill and probably the most controversial hole on the course, was originally a five, and even the best pros will find reaching it in two extremely nerve-racking. The finishing hole may prove to be the glamour hole of the course. It is walled in by hills which form a natural amphitheater from which 20,000 spectators can watch the finish of the tournament. The hole is only a drive and a pitch, but the fairway is narrow and the elevated green is tightly trapped and its surface has an extreme uphill tilt. If one goes 10 or 15 feet beyond the pin, the possibility of three-putting is quite likely. Here before the eyes of the multitude the climactic drama may be staged.

THE AGE OF HOGAN

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE WINNER of the 55th National Open Championship this weekend could very possibly be Ben Hogan. It is almost a simple matter of presence. Over the past eight years, regardless of how muddy other affairs have turned out to be, it has become remarkably clear that if Ben Hogan is entered in a tournament, there is an extremely strong likelihood that the winner will be Ben Hogan.

In the opinion of golf's most thoughtful observers, however, the chances of another Hogan victory loom somewhat less overwhelming than they have in the past on the eve of the Open. On one hand, his opposition should be tougher. There is considerable ground for believing that the players comprising the Young Guard and the Middle Guard—a number of whom are included in the color portrait gallery beginning on page 33—have gained sufficient confidence not to rush headlong away from the responsibility of being crowned champion, should they play themselves into a position where that heavy burden presents itself. In recent months, on the other hand, there have been a few fairly definite indications that Hogan, a human being despite the colossal evidence to the contrary he has exhibited in his mastery of one tournament after another, is at length, and at 42, slowing down just a trifle. He now misses the fairway off the tee occasionally, like other fine golfers. He now pops an occasional approach a few yards short of the green, like other fine golfers. He even occasionally fails to hole a five-foot putt. Ben, as we should know by now, is so consummate a strategist, shotmaker and competitor that when he is 50 he could still "take it all," but in the

continued on next page

THE OPEN IN FACTS AND FIGURES



THE U.S. OPEN TROPHY

EVENT The 55th United States Open Golf Championship

PLACE The Lake Course of the Olympic Club, San Francisco

DATES Thursday, June 16, through Saturday, June 18

DEFENDING CHAMPION—Ed Furgol

TOURNAMENT 72 holes, medal play; 1st 50 on first 36 holes eligible to play final 36 on Saturday

CONTESTANTS 182 professionals and 30 amateurs, survivors of 1,529 entrants

PRIZES \$5,000 and trophy at left

THE COURSE Shortest to host the Open since 1930, the Lake Course is a 45-35 par 70 of 6,700 yards. The end for the course:

HOLE	PAR	HOLE	PAR	HOLE	PAR
1	4	7	4	17	3
2	4	8	5	18	4
3	3	9	4	19	3
4	4	10	4	20	5
5	4	11	4	21	4
6	4	12	4	22	4

OPEN PREVIEW

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event he does not carry off the Open this week (when Ed Furgol defends the title he has carried like a true champion), it will be of more than passing significance. It will be the first time since the war that he will have gone two consecutive years without winning at least one major championship—the Open, the British Open, the Masters and the PGA—and this will mark the end of an historic period in golf, the Age of Hogan.

Celebrated as Ben's reign has been both by the golfing and the non-golfing public throughout the world—for after his comeback from his near-fatal accident Ben became a human-interest story and a powerfully popular figure for thousands who "never saw a tee"—we are probably still too close to his separate triumphs, still too bedazzled by his commanding, combative, concentric personality, to appreciate how phenomenal he has been over a period of years purely and simply as a golfer. In years to come, I am sure, the sports public, looking back at his record, will be struck by awe and disbelief that any one man could have played so well so regularly. The boosters of that age will resort to explaining that Hogan could only have cut the swath he did in a period when he had no competition and so on and so forth, just as they do today when trying to comprehend the consistent dominance of earlier super-champions like John L. Sullivan, Ty Cobb, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Jim Thorpe, Howie Morenz, Walter Johnson and Paavo Nurmi. Ben Hogan, the outstanding sports personality of the postwar decade, has, to be sure, secured a place among the very great athletes of all time.

Perhaps as good a way as any, particularly on the eve of a National Open, to begin to understand Hogan's genius as a tournament golfer is to set down without flourish his record over the past 15 years in this most important of all tournaments:

1940—tied for 5th	1947—tied for 6th	1951—first
1941—tied for 3rd	1948—first	1952—third
1942-'43—no Open	1949—injured	1953—first
1946—tied for 5th	1950—first	1954—tied for 6th

Two other men have records in the Open which compare with Hogan's, Willie Anderson, a dour Scottish pro transplanted to Apawamis, took the event in 1901, 1903, 1904 and 1905. The second man, of course, was Bobby Jones, and since his is the only other modern record in the same class with Hogan's, we might do well to set it down year by year again.

1920—tied for 8th	1924—2nd	1928—second
1921—tied for 5th	1925—2nd	1929—first
1922—tied for 2nd	1926—first	1930—first
1923—first	1927—tied for 11th	

As documents of sustained brilliance over a period of years Hogan's and Jones's records speak for themselves. But just as the two men are quite different personalities, their careers were shaped differently, as one or two brief elaborations on the tables above incisively demonstrate. When Jones first cracked through in 1923, for example, he was a young man of 21 playing in his fourth Open. Bob had been a helluva golfer back in 1916 when, at 14, he had gone to the quarter-finals of the Amateur. The period between 1916 and 1923 struck him as "the seven lean years," for he was so good so early, a bonafide child prodigy who never lost his stuff. When he retired in 1930 after his Grand Slam, Bob was only 28. Hogan, in contrast, was 35

(almost 36) when he captured his first Open. Twelve years before, in 1936 at Baltusrol, he had qualified for the championship but had failed to "make the cut"—that is, he did not finish among the top 76 scorers for the first two rounds and so was not eligible to play the last 36 holes. In 1939 he finished the Open in a tie for 62nd place. He was almost 27 at this time, an age when a golfer must expect some success or get out of the profession, and it would not have been beyond reason for the name Ben Hogan never to have become better known to the sports public than the names George Slingerland and Frank Gehor,

THE ANDERSON ERA (1901-1905)



Willie Anderson, a tight-lipped Scottish emigre, was the first player to dominate the Open. Anderson won the title in 1901-'03 '04 '05. Along with Jones and Hogan, he stands as the only four-time champion. In the 1904 Open, Willie played a record-breaking round of 72.

the only two men who played the final 36 holes in that Open and did not bring in lower totals than Hogan's. The point is not a new one, that Hogan was anything but a born wonder, but it is worth the remarking. No athlete ever worked harder, or waited longer, to become a champion. It explains an awful lot about the man.

By 1940 Hogan was an accomplished enough golfer to have won the Open. He was ripping through everything else but "the big ones" and led the money-winners for three consecutive seasons before entering the Service in 1942. When he returned to civilian life and combat golf, he quickly reaffirmed his position of standing with Snead and Nelson as the country's best. And at length, in 1946, years behind schedule, he won his first prestige championship, the PGA. I doubt if ever in the long line of fierce and fiery spirits who set out to win at "games" anyone matched the smoldering intensity of the Hogan of this period, a volcano always on the brink of eruption, so white-hot in his over-determination that you were charred by propinquity and yet so controlled, so inflexible, and so terribly purposeful that it gave you a chill to watch him at his work.

Hogan's opponent in the final of that PGA was Ed Oliver. At lunch Oliver stood 3 up but in the afternoon Hogan rushed out in 30 strokes and by the 31st tee stood 5 up. The two drives on the 31st finished about equidistant from the green and the referee resorted to tossing a coin. Hogan won the toss and elected to play first. He put his approach three feet from the hole—finis, 6 and 4. He played like a killer that afternoon, and many afterwards afterward, for earlier that year—and you can imagine the depth of the anguish and self-recrimination a person like Ben underwent—he had taken three putts on the 72nd green in both the Open and the Masters when two putts would have enabled him to have tied for the top and opened up the chance of victory via a play-off. After these crucial disappointments he seemed always to be gauding himself to relax not for an instant, to make every shot count, to show the other fellow (and himself) no mercy.

The Hogan of this period, just prior to his initial victory in the 1948 National Open at Riviera with his record score of 276, was something to behold. When people talk of a

man *drilling* an iron or *rifling* an approach shot, nearly always that is "golf language" loosely used. But Hogan did drill those irons and his shots did buzz like bullets. My, how they traveled—low, hard, even viciously. In the third round of one Masters, I think it was, I remember Hogan coming to the 13th in the thick of the battle, not far behind the leader. Attempting to cut the corner as closely as possible and set himself up for getting home in two for his birdie, he hooked the ball slightly and it rolled into Rae's Creek. Well, it cost him a valuable stroke to lift and there he was, standing with his hands on his hips and his elegant wedged truculently between his lips, collecting himself before he played his third. He pulled out what looked like a one-iron, and no one who watched that shot will ever forget it. He hit it with everything. Scarcely had he finished his follow-through, it seemed, when the ball was already on the green, lying quietly 12 feet from the cup—it had gotten there that fast! Hogan was playing a different kind of golf, both in thought and in execution, when he won his first Open and subsequently his three other Opens, his second PGA, his two Masters and his British Open. He had become a better golfer, as his success in itself made clear. But for the pure excitement of watching a man attack a golf ball, no one in our time has generated the clubhead speed and unleashed a shot like Hogan did just before he learned how to win.

Depending on how you look at it, everybody knows or nobody knows the change Hogan mastered in his method of striking a golf ball the season he won his first Open. If one means the exact key to his method of imparting a controlled fade to his shots—the exact key being what is referred to as Hogan's Secret, since he has no desire to reveal it to the rest of the trade as long as he remains in business—then no one knows. If one means more generally doing everything to retain his power and yet everything to guard against a hook, then everyone knows what Hogan does. The swing he compounded and learned so well that he could execute it flawlessly under fire has varied somewhat in its details from season to season, but it had, and has, as its features (bypassing Hogan's true fundamentals of perfect balance and his wide "forward" arc) such antihook staples as the left thumb down the shaft and the right hand riding high, the slightly opened stance, the club taken back a shade outside, the outward thrust of the right forearm at

did not hook into trouble but merely veered a few yards to the right in a far safer and "dossier" parabola than a hook describes. Before effecting this change, when Ben had played an unbroken competitive stretch, he had been prone to tire near the end of a tournament. When he was tired, he hooked. When he hooked, he incurred rough lies and sometimes penalty strokes. When he incurred these extra strokes, it defeated him. His revised swing gave him margin for unpunished error and proved to be the difference between Ben's becoming a great champion and not remaining just a great golfer.

THE SWING BEN BUILT

Contrasted with a swing like Sneed's, which is natural and (because of Sam's exceptional leverage) naturally powerful, the swing Hogan built was not a picture postcard lyric. It was constructed, as its critics pointed out, too much like a stairway of compensations. When these broke down—and they did to some degree in the Masters in 1932 and 1934 and in the last two rounds of the '52 Open—Hogan had his problems. But Hogan's swing, when he had the time to tune it up properly and the physical reserve to maintain it as he wanted it, was so functional and assertive that it had a smooth, efficient beauty of its own.

Hand in hand with Hogan's altered swing went an altered program of participation. In 1948 and in the seasons following his accident, he eschewed his previous habit of playing the tournament circuit almost without a break in favor of picking his spots. He conserved his energy and concentration for the significant events, resting and practicing in between. It helped to make the difference and Ben realized this perfectly. "The most important factor in playing a championship is to be fully prepared," he said in his acceptance speech at Oakmont after his fourth triumph in the Open, picking his words as carefully as he picks his clubs. "I look forward to playing in the Open as long as I am able to prepare my game and myself properly."

Hogan's most unusual effort in preparation was part and parcel of his dramatic invasion of Scotland to play in the 1953 British Open. His subsequent victory has today the aura of a romantic novel about it, it was so utterly triumphant. For a man who had never before played a competitive stroke in Britain (and will probably never return to play another), Ben made a phenomenal adaptation to the foreign conditions. Discovering, for instance, that he hurt his wrists when he played his irons off Carnoustie's hard turf with his usual swing, he modified his hitting action. "He ended," Sir Guy Campbell has said, "taking the ball almost exactly like the great Scottish golfers had done years and years before." To get to know the deceptive course, on the evenings preceding the start of the tournament he walked the holes backward until he had memorized the natural features and the concomitant problems in tactics. He won with 73-71-70-68. "And if he had needed a 64 on his final round," Bernard Darwin has remarked, "you were quite certain he could have played a 64. Hogan gave you the distinct impression that he was capable of getting whatever score was needed to win."

Since his accession in 1948, Ben has provided such a cornucopia of skill and courage that to choose his finest shots, his finest rounds and his finest tournaments would be mighty difficult and would, eventually anyhow, resolve itself into personal choices. We will take Ben's selections, then, in those cases where he has indicated them.

His top tournament: the 1955 Masters which, as he has expressed it, represented the best golf he ever played over a 72-hole stretch. Ben was 70-69-66-69—274, and the

THE JONES ERA (1923-1930)

Bobby Jones captured his first Open in 1923 and thereafter, with the exception of 1927 when he tied for 31th, never finished lower than second. Bobby twice (1925, 1928) lost after a play-off, twice (1923, 1929) won after a play-off. He scored outright victories in 1926 and again in 1930.



the beginning of the downswing that produces what the pros call the triangulation action, and the maintenance of an anything-but-shut clubface as he buffs through the ball.

Hogan lost some roll as the result of "the slight fade," but what he gained was 10 times as valuable. His approaches became a softer kind of shot. They coasted over the flag and dropped gently onto the green. More important, when he failed to meet his drives just right, the ball

OPEN PREVIEW

continued from page 21

game's most erudite camp-followers cannot remember four consecutive rounds of comparable errorless character. On a testing course, Hogan was literally on the pin with just about every shot. (It was after this exhibition that everyone began clamoring what a crime it would be for such a golfer not to take a shot at the British Open; when Hogan was assured of the accommodations he would need at Carnoustie to "prepare himself fully," he went, as we know.)

His best round? He has intimated that it was the final 67 that won him his third Open at Oakland Hills in 1951. Late that afternoon, Clayton Heafner got around in 69, the one other player in a superb field who succeeded in breaking 70 over the four rounds on perhaps the severest layout on which the Open has been played. The chief incubus to the scoring was controlling the tee shot. Robert Trent Jones, who had remodeled the old Oakland Hills specifically for the 1951 Open, had filled in the obsolete traps 220 to 240 yards from the tee and had constructed in their stead new traps which flanked the wasp-waisted fairways 240 to 260 yards from the tee, far enough out so that the long-hatted pros could not carry them. This tight arrangement panicked just about the entire field with the exception of Paul Ranyan who would have had a hard time reaching the obsolete traps. Hoping to avoid error, many of the pros switched to brassies, spoons and irons off the tees, leaving themselves a succession of arduous second shots and, all in all, letting the course play them instead of playing the course. Hogan started with an erratic 76. Round by round he improved his figures—a 73, a 71, a 67.

Hogan's performance proved to architect Jones that the course had been a fair test of championship golf. Hogan did not see it that way, even in victory. "I am glad," he stated grimly at the presentation ceremonies, "I brought this course, this monster, to its knees." It came as somewhat of a shock to hear this, for after his recuperation from his accident there had been some indications of "a new Ben," "a mellower Hogan." It served as a reminder that, as long as he remains a competitive golfer, Ben will probably never be so new or so mellow that the chip on his shoulder will entirely disappear. He seems to like it that way, or maybe it is more accurate to say that he continually translates any opposition, animal, vegetable or mineral, into a personal challenge and derives immense satisfaction from responding to that challenge with all the sense and sinew at his command.

Totally absorbed with producing his best game and a game calculated to win, Hogan necessarily has precious little to say to his opponent or caddy. When he and his old rival, Byron Nelson, played a friendly round the first day of the 1954 Masters, Nelson acting as host for the Augusta National, Ben as defending champion, Byron would drive and Ben would say, "Beauty." Ben would drive and Byron would say, "Beauty," and this was about the extent of their conversation. In this same connection, there is the classic description by the more gregarious Snead on what it is like to play with Hogan: "The only time Ben speaks to you is to tell you, 'You're away, Sam.'" This trenchant silence is one of the elements which make up the memorable picture of "a man at work" that no one who has watched Hogan is ever likely to forget. There he is moving up to his approach shot, walking with that little waddle, his eyes fixed straight ahead down the fairway like a man heading for a spot in the woods where he has marked his ball. He wears the straight-visored, white cap over his tanned coun-

tenance. It is a countenance—the mouth set, as ever, in that locked grin which should never be mistaken for Ben's enjoying either the morning air, the devotion of his worshipful gallery, or the shot he has just played, however fine it was. The mind is moving ahead, thinking out the next step in the big picture, filing through this check point and that check point to make certain the next step is the wise step. He stands beside the ball, hands on hips. He examines the lie, studies the type of grass, the wind. He discusses inwardly the best position on the green to place that approach in order to set up the most holeable putt, the type of shot he will play, the club he will play it with. He takes his time, walking ahead sometimes as much as 20 yards as he ponders this decision. Other players go through the same motions, but they seldom give you the impression Hogan does that he is genuinely thinking about what he is doing. Then, the mind made up, there is that light practice swing, the meticulous settling into his stance, the always decisive stroke. If it has been a good shot, there is no expression on Hogan's part to show he acknowledges it as such. However, after he has played a poor shot at a stage of a tournament where it may be costly, there is a change of expression. The grin becomes ironic and his cold gray eyes widen and widen until they seem to be a full inch in height, and when you look at this man, so furious with himself, he is, as his colleagues refer to him, "The Hawk."

No one, I suppose, ever set himself so high a standard of performance. What trying to achieve this standard would take out of the average tournament golfer, no one knows, but one can guess that few others would have the stamina to find it tolerable for long. Ben has talked of championship golf being the result of "20% ability and 80% management," and so it is, but for this formula to function in one major tournament after another, a tremendous giving of one's self is required. It has functioned for Hogan for, without any question of a doubt, no other golfer has ever dedicated himself so unannouncedly to golf.

HABERDASHING AT THE OPEN

Of the 15 sartorially vivid golfers shown in color on the following four pages, all but Peter Thomson, an Australian who chose not to enter, will be serious contenders for the U.S. Open title in San Francisco this week. They will also give dramatic proof that golfers are maintaining their reputation as the best-dressed men in sport, combining in their links garb a necessary utility and the dashing appearance of good entertainers. Old Sporting Looksmen Hogan and Snead have all but trademarked their headgear—the white cap, the coconut straw. The knitted shirt wins the approval of all but two of this gallery. But the real comes on golf's fashion front are the baseball-type cap and the alpaca cardigan. The cap, its crown stiffened like baseball's protective helmet, was introduced by Eddie Suela, the pro of Palm Springs' Thunderbird, who now ships it around the world. The alpaca sweater, worn by Mangrum, Souchak and Bolt, has a swing-easy drape, comes in 50 colors and looks like this year's threat to that golfer's classic, cashmere. Mangrum's club mittens are mink.



BEN HOGAN, 42
Winner: 1953 Masters, U.S. & British Opens

THE OLD GUARD

LLOYD MANGRUM, 40
Winner: 1954 Western Open



SAM SNEAD, 41
Winner: 1955 Greensboro Open, 1954 Masters





SHELLEY MAYFIELD, 31
Winner: 1955 Thunderbird, 1954 San Francisco Open



MIKE SOU'HAK, 28
Winner: 1955 Texas Open & Houston Open

THE YOUNG GUARD

BILLY MAXWELL, 25
Winner: 1955 Analea Open, 1951 U.S. Amateur



BID HOLSCHER, 24
Winner: 1951 Lobnitz Open





PETER THOMSON, 25
Winner: 1954 British Open



BOB HANSBURG, 28
Winner: 1954 Miami Open



ARNOLD PALMER, 25
Winner: 1954 U.S. Amateur



GENE LITTLER, 24
Winner: 1955 Los Angeles Open, 1953 U.S. Amateur



CHICK HARBERT, 40
Winner: 1934 PGA



JULIEN DINWO, 35
Winner: 1954 Ardmore Open, 1952 U.S. Open

THE MIDDLE GUARD

CARY MIDDLECOFF, 34
Winner: 1955 Masters, 1949 U.S. Open



TOMMY BOLT, 36
Winner: 1955 Tucson Open & San Diego Open



CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: BEN HOGAN

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPPOOL

In an unusually frank interview, golf's silent man discusses his own career, his future, and the changes that are taking place in tournament competition

ALL THESE THINGS I read and hear that people say about me bore me just a little bit," Ben Hogan said. "If they were right, it wouldn't bother me.

"For 10 years they've been saying that I'm through. They used to say I was too small. Then I came along and made the first tour. There was a very prominent golfer on the tour. One day I overheard him say I would never make it. Then a fellow who's written several books on golf said my swing was no good. After the first tournament I ever won, they said that would be my last, that it was just luck.

"It seems to me that every time somebody said I couldn't do something, I just got more determined. Not to disprove them, but to prove to myself I could do it.

"It's been a good thing," he added, "a sort of motivating force in my life."

Hogan was standing on the practice tee at the Augusta National Golf Course. It was a week before the Masters Tournament.

"I'll only practice when the wind comes from the right," he said. "If it comes from the left, I'll just hit a few balls and quit, otherwise I find myself fighting the wind. It ruins my swing and I start to hook. I hate a hook. It nauseates me. I could vomit when I see one. It's like a rattlesnake in your pocket."

A young pro stopped by to ask Hogan a question.

"How can you practice so much?" he asked. "I get tired of practicing."

"I like it," Hogan said, following through with an added zest.

"Why do you hold your four-wood so short?"

"Better control."

"Will you ever play in the British Open again?"

"Nope?"

Another pro came over and admired Hogan's shining new clubs. They bore Hogan's own name as manufacturer. Hogan beamed.

"How about posing for a picture with me, Ben?"

"Sure," Hogan told the pro.

Then the pro snapped Hogan's picture alone. "That's good," he said. "You looked real mean."

At this Hogan's smile froze but he didn't say anything. The pro chose his next words awkwardly. "The Mrs. and I would like to have you for dinner one night. If we asked you, would you come?"

"No," Hogan smiled as if he had said yes.

The pro left hurriedly. Hogan explained, "I don't go out to dinner anymore unless the people are very close friends. Otherwise I find although there's only supposed to be another couple there, about 20 people show up and I spend the whole evening answering questions.

"I've never talked much to the press," he said that evening, as he and his wife Valerie sat sipping coffee in their hotel room. "I'm misquoted too often, or people say I said things that

I didn't, or someone tries to start a controversy."

Mrs. Hogan broke a brief silence. "I always say my mother selected Ben for me," she said. "He was the smallest one in our neighborhood in Fort Worth, but my mother couldn't understand why I wasn't more interested in him. 'Mother, he's the same size as I am, he looks so small with me,' I used to tell her. Then we moved to another part of town and I ran into Ben by accident about three years later. He had grown and he looked attractive to me."

BIRTH OF A CADDY

Hogan was born in Dublin, Texas on Aug. 13, 1912. He was christened William Benjamin but has been called Ben most of his life. His father, a blacksmith, died when Hogan was 9.

"We moved to Fort Worth then," Hogan said. "I sold newspapers until I found out caddies got 65¢ for 18 holes. That was a lot more than I was getting staying up to 11:30 and 12:30 every night selling newspapers.

"There'd be about 10 to 15 caddies, and while we were waiting for the golfers to come out, we played 'drive for a chase.' Somebody would have a driver and we all had a ball and the shortest hitter had to pick up the balls. I was always the shortest. That's probably what got me going. I began copying the good players and I started hitting a much longer ball . . . You learn how to take care of yourself and how to think when you're out on your own," he said. "I was too old for 13.

"I caddied until I was 16 and then went to work in the golf shop at Glen Garden. On weekends I polished clubs until 3 in the morning. Boy, I'd look at those clubs and they were the most beautiful things, Nickels and Stewarts, all made in Scotland. I got my own set of mongrel clubs out of a dime store barrel for a dollar apiece.

"I didn't have much use for them since we couldn't play at the club except once a week, but there was a little

continued on next page



THE HOGANS, Valerie and Ben, in Scotland before British Open in summer of 1933.

BEN HOGAN SPEAKS UP

(continued from page 37)

nine-hole golf course with sand greens about 10 miles from our house, and I used to walk up there and play 72 holes and walk home."

He talked quickly, almost excitedly but, like his completed swings, he never lets a sentence or idea go unfinished.

"I never did decide that golf was going to be my life. I loved the game when I first started caddy, but in high school I tried to play football. I was too small, and baseball just didn't catch my fancy. Why golf did I don't know, but I just loved it.

"I never won anything important as an amateur. I wasn't good enough. The closest I ever got was runner-up to Gus Moreland in the Southwestern Amateur in Shreveport, La. in 1928. I bummed a ride there. I never expected to get to the finals and when I did, I didn't have any money to pay my caddy so I hocked a watch I had won.

"After that I decided amateur golf was fine, but if I wanted to continue playing golf, I'd have to make some money. I didn't think I was good enough to win anything as a professional, but I figured if I played enough I might make some money.

"I turned pro when I was 17 and got a job as an assistant at Oakhurst. It's a housing project now. Being an assistant was just a title in those days. You were more or less of a clerk and you took care of the clubs. I was polishing clubs and handing them out to people. They thought I was nothing divided by nothing. Although I practiced day and night, I was so small a lot of people didn't have faith in me."

"They thought he could play well enough but his size was against him," Valerie said. "But he was hitting a long ball. The first year on the tour in Niagara Falls, he finished second to Jimmy Thomson in a driving contest."

DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO

Hogan smiled at his wife. He had forgotten that.

"Back in those days people had some sort of feeling you had to be tremendous to play," he said. "After I got to be a pro, I saved up a little money, and along with some help from a fellow named Marvin Leonard, I went to the Coast in 1935. I made the tour, but in New Orleans I ran out of money and had to come back and work again. In the meantime I got married to Valerie. She knew nothing about golf and I hadn't told her I had the tour on my mind. Finally, I said, 'I

have to go on tour at least for a year or two to find out if I'm good enough. It might take all our savings. I might never earn a nickel.'

"If that's what you want to do, do it," she said.

"We started out in 1937. I'd earn \$50 here and there, but we were always drawing out of the \$1,400 we'd had when we started. One day we had only \$86 left.

"What are we going to do?" I said to Valerie. "The next tournament is Oakland. We can't make it on that."

"Valerie said, 'We'll go as far as it will take us.'"

"The lucky part about Ben and me," his wife interjected, "we never got



"Five can't be right—five is par."

discouraged together. I'd get down one week and he the next, but never at the same time."

Nodding agreement, Hogan continued. "We stayed at the Leamington Hotel in Oakland. They gave a rate to golfers. There was a parking place across the street, 15c. I put the car there, it was the cheapest place. Next morning when I went out early to get my car, the back end was jacked up and the tires gone. We were really low.

"Earlier, I had played a practice round at Oakland with Henry Picard. He said, 'Ben, I don't know about your finances and how you're situated, but I know you're having a tough time. If I can help you out, I'd like to'.

"It had been quite a struggle. I hadn't bought any clothes and neither

had Valerie. We were getting pretty ragged, too. Picard gave me a terrific boost. Even if you're digging as hard as you can, you like to have somebody on your side. I think what Henry Picard said to me is almost responsible for my being where I am now.

"As luck would have it, I never had to borrow the money from Henry," Hogan said. "I won \$386 at Oakland. I must say that's the biggest check I've ever seen before or since."

Hogan has seen plenty of money since, and with his golf equipment manufacturing firm experts to make a lot more not too long from now.

"I'm just as determined in golf as I ever was, but I know my days of competition are numbered. I want to find something to be busy with when I get through playing. I know I've picked a tough business, but it's competition again. I love competition.

"I don't mean I've lost my keenness for golf. It's just that age works into it a little bit. You find yourself not being able to stay on the practice tee so long. You tire faster. You find yourself not being able to make all the tournaments that are necessary to keep your game sharp, plus the fact that it looks like that 15-year cycle is just about rolling over now. There's going to be this new group coming up and my game won't fit this group. Only because I am geared to my competition as Bobby Jones was geared to his. It's like in track. They're running the four-minute mile now. They weren't doing that before. Competition has done that. They improve the technique all the while.

"When my time comes..."

For once, he didn't finish a thought.

"There isn't enough daylight in any day to practice all the shots that you need to. You have to get up early, and if a fellow practiced the way he should, he can't be going around to parties. You have to practically live like a hermit to get sufficient rest.

"I have never achieved what I thought was success. Golf to me is a business, a livelihood in doing the thing that I like to do. I don't like the glamour. I just like the game.

"When I started, my mother kept telling me, 'Quit fooling around with golf and go to work.' I kept telling her, 'This is what I want to work at.' After I won some tournaments, she was still after me. I think she'd still like me to quit and go to work." He laughed.

"Tournament golf and golf are like baseball and football, two entirely different games," Hogan said, lighting a cigarette.

"You build a swing before you go to a tournament, then it's a game of management on the course. The swing must be committed to muscle memory so it's secondary. I've practiced hard enough under duress and excitement so in a tournament my swing will remain just as good as it was on the practice tee—not that I'm not just as excited and nervous as the next fellow."

NO UNNECESSARY RISKS

"The morning of a tournament I sort of weigh my capabilities at the time. I don't try to extend myself and do something I know I can't do. Maybe I could have done it a week before or the week after. But I won't take an unnecessary risk if I feel I can't do it that day, not until maybe the last round, if I'm behind, but even then I won't try anything I haven't practiced.

"As I walk down the first fairway, I try to get all my thinking within me and obliterate every outside influence, the people, everything, even the fellow I'm playing with. I try to be very cordial and give him all the courtesy of the tee and the green, but I can't remember ever knowing what my playing partner has shot on the round. I'm very keen on watching the flight of his ball and knowing what it will take me to get there."

Hogan's determination and almost self-hypnotic concentration have earned him many enemies.

"Sometimes I get grumpy. I say things I shouldn't say. Finally your patience wears out," Hogan said.

"I think," Mrs. Hogan said gingerly, "that sometimes Ben has suffered by being such a perfectionist. When he wrote his book, in the evenings after tournaments, he took 10 months to write it. He wouldn't stop until he thought it was right. In everything he does, he works so hard. He insisted upon designing his own boxes and packages for his clubs and golf balls. I think the price he's had to pay by being a perfectionist is that he's missed companionship and friends."

She glanced over at her husband. "Aren't or weren't there many nights," she asked him, as if the question had long preyed on her mind, "when you would rather have been out with the boys, going to a football game or movie, and instead you stayed at home working?"

He studied her words carefully.

"No," Ben Hogan said. "If I had my life to live over, I'd like to do everything I've ever done, the good and the bad."

END



TIP FROM THE TOP



from ED PURCELL, pro of the Westwood Country Club, Clayton, Mo.

For golfers of all degrees of skill and experience

One very important part of the swing that is often overlooked by players who are striving to become better golfers is correct footwork. There is a temptation in golf, as in nearly every sport, to grow careless about your footwork when your hands are working well. Professionals soon learn, however, that if they allow their footwork to grow sloppy, their whole game will deteriorate. I know from my own experience, and from conversations with my fellow pros, that the days when it is easiest to play good golf shots are invariably those days when the feet are really doing their job.

What does their job consist of? Well, your footwork determines how well you pivot. In turn, the correctness of your pivot largely determines whether or not you will be in the right position to hit the ball to the best of your ability. There are two check points to establish clearly in regard to the role the feet play. First, at the top of your backswing, your left heel is raised off the ground and your weight transferred to your right side. Second, at the completion of your swing, the positions are reversed. The right heel is raised and the weight has been fully transferred to the left side.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JOHN BATTINI ON PLANNING THE ROUND

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

THE FIRSTHAND STORY OF THE
GRAND PRIX OF ENDURANCE AT
LE MANS WHICH BROUGHT AUTO
RACING'S GREATEST TRAGEDY

ALONG the shallow "W" formed by the road between the tricky White House turn and the pits of the sunlit Le Mans race course, four dots detached themselves from the landscape and breasted the gentle rise at incredible speed. One instant they were indistinguishable even through a pair of binoculars; the next they could be discerned with the naked eye. It was almost 6:15 p.m. on the 32nd lap of the 23rd Le Mans International Grand Prix of Endurance, and at that instant 87 people had only a few seconds—or at most a few hours—left to live. They were about to be killed in the most shocking disaster ever to darken the history of the sport of motor racing.

The foremost car was the green D-type Jaguar driven by young, tow-headed Mike Hawthorn, leading the race—and Juan Fangio's silver Mercedes—by a few seconds. Hawthorn had just lapped Lance Macklin in the Austin-Healey for the fourth time and teammate Pierre Levegh in Mercedes No. 20 for the first time. A hundred yards astern, Fangio also was getting ready to take Levegh and Macklin in his relentless pursuit of Hawthorn.

Already, during those opening 32 laps, the two leaders had traded places five times. Fangio had broken the lap record on the fifth, 15th, 17th, 20th and 22nd laps; Hawthorn on the 16th, 24th and 25th laps. It now stood at 4 minutes 6.6 seconds for the 8.38-mile course—a fantastic average of 123 mph—and for the remaining 22 hours no driver was again to come anywhere near that breath-taking speed.

At any time now, the leaders were due in for refueling. Hawthorn had received his signal on the lap before, and as he approached the pit row he appeared to slow suddenly and veer off to the right as though looking for his pit stall. Macklin, a scant 10 feet behind, stood on the powerful disc brakes of his Austin-Healey and swung sharp left to avoid hitting the Jaguar. His sudden swerve combined with violent braking was enough to throw his car into a spin. Twice in as many seconds, the Austin-Healey gyrated like a top. It dived backwards into the pits, struck the wall a glancing blow, rico-

cheted across the narrow, 35-foot pit road, spanning again as it went; hounded off the earth and timber bulwarks shielding the dense crowd on the opposite side and limped to a stop broadside across the track. Dazed but miraculously unhurt, Macklin was still nimble enough to hop out of his car and sprint to safety into the nearest pit—which happened to be his own.

"THESE CARS GO TOO FAST"

Veteran Pierre Levegh's Mercedes, traveling at 140 mph, was less than a hundred yards behind Macklin and Hawthorn. In those desperate, penultimate instants of his life he perhaps recalled a puerile concern expressed to a friend: "We have to get some sort of a signal system working. These cars go too fast." He was able to raise his arm in a despairing warning gesture to Fangio, behind him. To stop was utterly impossible. Levegh took the only remaining course. He swung left, apparently in an effort to squeeze through the narrow gap between Macklin's derelict machine and the earthen bulwarks. The Mercedes grazed the Austin-Healey, struck the five-foot

bulwark, vaulted it end over end, then rolled three times. The engine, ripped from its mountings by the almost instantaneous deceleration, shot out of the car like a shell from a gun, mowing a lethal path through the crowd which stood five deep at that point, and through a mass of unwary spectators milling around in the grandstand paddock (see page 52).

Levegh, also projected out of the wreckage, was dead before the flames reached him. Fangio, warned by Levegh, somehow managed to weave his way through the dense smoke, but came so close to the disaster that his windshield cracked from the intense heat of the wreck. Alfred Neubauer, the brusque, portly, authoritarian Mercedes team manager, showed great courage and presence of mind by dashing out to the middle of the track and, at the risk of his life, flagging down oncoming cars.

Not even this appalling disaster had any appreciable effect on the iron discipline of the Mercedes team. On the following lap, the remaining two cars came in for refueling, according to plan. Stirling Moss, obsequiously purposeful as ever, took over from Fangio who was pale and almost speechless. "What luck," he stammered, over and over. "I was lucky. I was going to pass Levegh but he signalled to me to stop. Why was I so lucky?"

Voluble, high-strung Andre Simon relieved veteran Karl Kling. Neither Moss nor Simon had any idea of the magnitude of the tragedy, and that

A REPRINT FOR THE INFORMATION OF SI READERS



TRAGIC CRASH SCENE of this year's Le Mans race can be spotted on this picture from last week's color spectacle (SI, June 13). Explosion star indicates point near starting line where Driver Levegh's car struck earthenworks, disintegrated and decimated crowd.

was just as well. The race went on. As starter Charles Faroux phrased it: "La bataille continue—the battle continues."

After the taut, merciless battle of the opening laps between Eugenio Castellotti (Ferrari), Fangio and Hawthorn, climaxed by Levegh's blazing crash, the rest of the race was a dreary affair that gradually fizzled out until, with the official retirement of the Mercedes team at 1:40 a.m. Sunday, it became a procession. The record crowd of 300,000, however, at least got its fill of excitement during the first two hours. When the starter's flag dropped at 4 p.m. Saturday, sending the 60 drivers (27 British, 12 French, 11 Italian, nine German, one American) scuttling to their cars, Castellotti's red Ferrari No. 4 was first away, according to a tactical plan worked out by Signor Ugolini, Ferrari's team manager. This plan climaxed a war of nerves during practice, in which on Thursday Castellotti broke the record set up by Gonzalez (Ferrari) last year, covering a lap in 4 minutes 16 seconds—118.56 mph. On Friday, Moss got his Mercedes around in 4 minutes 15.1 seconds (119 mph), scooping a \$500,000-franc jackpot for the fastest practice lap, but also implementing the Mercedes principle that if you show enough strength you may not have to use it when the time comes. But dapper Ugolini was unimpressed. "We'll win as we did last year," he said.

HARE AND HOUNDS

That Castellotti had been detailed as the hare in an effort to lure opposition into destructive speeds was evident from the outset. He led for 15 laps, driving as though in a 100-mile race, and sometimes leading the entire field by as much as 12 seconds. But no one took the bait. The other two teams were pacing themselves, and when Castellotti began dropping back with a failing engine, Hawthorn simply took over. Eventually, all three Ferraris went out with the same complaints—cracked cylinder blocks induced by terrific engine loads when downshifting at high speeds.

During the first few laps, while Hawthorn chased Castellotti, Fangio climbed carefully from 13th to sixth place, then to fourth and finally into third place. The battle for leadership began in earnest on the 17th lap when Fangio passed Castellotti, and continued until the accident on lap 32.

From then on, the superior speed and braking of the Mercedes began to

continued on next page

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Flask...



tell. The flap-type air brakes of the Mercedes were a strange, Wagnerian sight. At the flick of a switch, a hydraulically controlled flap behind the driver rose like a lid, slowing the car through the turns by about 45 mph. Another flick after downshifting and the flap folded down into place.

At the third hour, Moss led Hawthorn comfortably. An hour later he was a lap ahead; two hours later he had gained another lap. At 1 a.m., Moss was again at the wheel, having relieved Pangio for another spell, and the Mercedes still held its two-lap lead. The Rolt-Hamilton Jaguar, which had made a poor start, was in third position, one lap behind Hawthorn; Simon, spelling for Kling, held the remaining Mercedes in fourth position, one lap behind Rolt. Then the Rolt-Hamilton Jaguar began to drop back with gearbox trouble and Simon's Mercedes took over third spot.

The German team seemed to be in an unsalvageable position when at 1:40 a.m. it withdrew from the race in deference to the terrible toll of life exacted by Levegh's crash. It was a dramatic scene, eliminating several hours of parleying by Mercedes with the Stuttgart factory and with the redoubtable Charles Faroux. Earlier, Art Keeser, Mercedes public relations officer, had offered to withdraw the cars after a long-distance talk with Dr. Fritz Koencke, Mercedes general manager, but Faroux flatly refused.

Nonetheless, from the public's standpoint, even though a Frenchman had gone to his death, a German car was involved and strong undercurrents of feeling were in evidence which had the makings of a potentially explosive political situation. "After all," one Frenchman remarked with a bitter shrug, "the Germans killed a lot more people last time they were here."

At 1:20 a.m. Keeser received an official order to withdraw the team. The order came from Dr. Fritz Nallinger, Mercedes chief engineer, who said: "The pride of designers and drivers must bow to the grief suffered by countless French families in this appalling disaster." General Manager Dr. Koencke concurred. "Even if we continue and win," he said, "I won't accept the victory. We've got to retire."

"HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?"

At precisely 1:40 a.m. Neubauer flagged in Moss. Under the bright lights of the pit the young Britisher got out of the car, vaulted the pit counter to a round of applause from the crew and, without saying a word to anyone, disappeared. Simon came in and immediately lit a cigarette. Squatting on the concrete pit floor, he kept repeating: "How can so many have been killed? How is it possible?"

Neubauer barked an order to Herr Geyer, Mercedes timekeeper, to fold up his charts. Frau Wilma Kling, who usually helps with the timing, began putting away the stop watches. Neubauer, bulldozing his way out of the pit, remarked in his gruff voice: "The

FOR SPECTATORS: A GUILLOTINE,

It was an ideal day for a race, comfortably warm with fluffy clouds floating across the blue French sky. A crowd of 300,000 filled the long straightaway grandstands on either side of the narrow asphalt track, and spilled over into the narrow strips between the stands and the picket-fence-and-earthwork barriers along the track edge. Early arrivals packed against the fence; latecomers balanced shakily on chairs, or perched on stepladders.

Thus the scene at 4 p.m. when the race began. At 6:15 p.m., as the crowd's excitement mounted in the duel of Jaguar and Mercedes, a car swerved, another spun, and a Mercedes hit the barrier at 140 mph. Its hood sheared through the crowd of standees like a guillotine. Its engine followed, parts

flying in all directions, like a machine gun spewing dum-dum bullets. Some of the people standing directly in the path of the hurtling wreckage were decapitated. In a matter of seconds a 400 square yard area, a moment before packed with cheering people, became a bloody and then a flaming horror. Fifty yards to the rear a trembling 16-year-old girl told me: "All of a sudden a foot fell down on me."

As flames and smoke billowed into the air, injured, howling survivors started rushing to the left, the only open direction in the narrow strip between the grandstand and the track. But curious spectators further up the line moved down to see the accident, and the trackside became a shouting, pushing mass, the lame trying to

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HOW IT HAPPENED: As four cars roared toward pit area, Hawthorn (No. 1 in diagram) braked and swerved right to enter pit stall. Macklin (No. 2) braked hard and swerved left to avoid him, throwing his car into series of violent spins which sent it first into pit area, then across track to rebound off earth wall opposite pits where it stopped broadside to track. Levegh (No. 3), trying vainly to get by on left, grazed Macklin's car and hit wall where his Mercedes disintegrated, its flaming parts cutting swath of devastation as front end tore through crowd. Fangio (No. 4), barely forewarned by Levegh's last warning gesture, managed to skid through the holocaust.

race is over for us. Too many dead. That's all I have to say." He was not in favor of withdrawing the cars. He felt the gesture would inevitably be construed by many as being motivated by other reasons. This was precisely what happened. Immediately, rumors began circulating that Mercedes had called in their cars because they were having clutch trouble. This was positively untrue. Both cars were in perfect shape. And the decision was a wise one.

After the Mercedes withdrawal, the race became pointless. Barely 50,000 people were on hand Sunday morning to watch the roaring procession of cars through the long hours, which finally

ended at four p.m. when Hawthorn brought the Jaguar driven by him and Ivor Bueb in for the checkered flag (the Ferraris and the Maseratis, too, had dropped out during the night). The car had covered 2,564.28 miles at an average speed of 106.84 mph, a new record average for the race.

But though deserving, it was a hollow victory. The shadow of disaster clouded the scene as Hawthorn's car pulled at last to a stop, and it could not be dispelled. Said the winner afterward, when asked if he had been aware that by his sudden swerve so many hours before he had cut off the car behind him: "I don't know. I just don't know."

END

A MACHINE GUN

by STANLEY KARNOW

escape, the healthy eager to see blood.

It was fully five minutes before men with fire extinguishers reached the burning car, and even longer before medical help reached the dying. As the precious minutes passed, the injured writhed in the rubble amid broken chairs and scattered newspapers.

Even people in the midst of the mess never knew what happened. "I was standing on a chair and then I just threw myself to the ground," said one survivor. "Then I got up and everyone around me was bloody and shouting, and there were arms and legs lying here and there."

As doctors, nurses, police and priests moved in to care for victims, the race went on with its same roaring, monotonous rhythm. The cars even ceased

slowing down in recognition of the smoking Mercedes chassis, twisted and shiny like a heap of tinfoil. Meanwhile at police posts, first aid stations and information offices, lines of bitter faces formed, looking for news. Missing children, friends and relatives suddenly became casualties in people's minds.

Yet many who were present either were unaware of the tragedy or did not appreciate its dimensions. Three hours after the accident one spectator at the far end of the grandstand thought only five people had been injured. And dancing and amusement, like the race itself, went on into the night, only to fade at last like the race itself. When the winning car crossed the finish line, only 15,000 spectators of the once great throng remained.



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HORSES BIG WEEKEND FOR TWO CHAMPIONS

SWAPS by JAMES MURRAY

For the 51,120 fans who crammed Hollywood Park to its lush confines, the seventh race last Saturday was an eye-popping exhibition. There were six horses entered, but the eyes—and the money—of the crowd were on the darling of the West, the beautiful red-gold colt, Swaps, Kentucky Derby winner and undoubtedly the finest race horse ever raised west of the Rockies.

One of the hoariest axioms of the racing game is that 3-year-olds cannot run successfully against older horses in the spring of the year. Swaps, who was entered against five older, stronger and canner horses in a chips-down race, was called upon to do the impossible.

It was not only that he did it but how he did it that had homestretch-hardened horsemen whistling with awe. The great 3-year-old not only trounced the old pros by a gaudy length and a

quarter but did it without his jockey's even shaking his whip under his nose—and in the world's record time of 1:40 2 fths for a mile and a sixteenth!

Swaps was not pitted against a pack of run-of-the-track campaigners. Arrayed alongside him in the starting gate were horses like Liz Whitney Lunn's Mister Gus, a speedster given to running in near-track-record time, and the gitty little gray, Determine, himself a Kentucky Derby winner last year and now a star handicap horse. Under the weight-for-age conditions of the race Swaps was in with 115 pounds, Determine with 126.

Before the race Determine's owner, Andrew J. Crevelin, had a word to the wise for Swaps's owner, Rex C. Ellsworth, and trainer, Meshach Tenney: "You see," said Andy Crevelin, "it's just like an All-America football player

going against the pros or the amateur golf champ taking on Hogan and Snead. In other words, a kid against mature men." Tenney's views on the same subject: "I don't think a 3-year-old knows whether he's running against 2-year-olds, 4-year-olds, mules or what have you. If he's fit and able and can outrun the others, he'll win."

Swaps had a stranger aboard—Chicago Jockey Dave Erb (Willie Shoemaker had been set down for rough-riding). Trainer Tenney, unwilling to wreck his horse at any possibly unequal competition, had given Erb his terse instructions: "Don't pull him hard enough to make him shake his head but keep ahold of him." The Tenney-Ellsworth fear was that cunny Jockey Johnny Longden on the speed horse, Mister Gus, might set a bristling 21 first quarter, thus gaining enough ground to give his horse a breather before turning on a final burst of speed.

Erb was forewarned. Swaps came out of the gate like a coiled spring, but Jockey Erb immediately pulled the reins taut and allowed Mister Gus to rush past him. Around the first turn

NASHUA by WHITNEY TOWER

Nashua's victory in the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes accounted for neither world nor track record time. But William Woodward's powerful colt simply couldn't let this 87th Belmont Day slip by without providing at least one surprise for the 32,097 customers who turned up in a light drizzle to watch a classic which in eight of the nine past seasons has decided the

3-year-old championship. Having already frightened away virtually all of his better eastern rivals, Nashua provided—for once—not to frighten those who bet him down to 3 to 20. He won by nine lengths (tripling his best previous winning margin), and although the opposition was pitifully weak, Nashua gave the impression that he could have gone around again with

no trouble at all and in just about the same good time (2:29). Nobody connected with Nashua had any doubts about the outcome of the \$119,800 race which saw Woodward take home \$83,700. His trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, said confidently, "I think he's going to beat 'em all." His rider, Eddie Areano, with equal frankness said, "I want him to smother those 3-year-olds.

THE MATCH RACE

Their two brilliant victories behind them, Swaps and Nashua emerged this week as the two most talked-about horses since Native Dancer and Tom Fool. A match race between the two champions became a must.

And although the rival owners now agree that the original August 6 date (SL June 13) may be in for a revision—because of the complexity of coordinating respective race commitments with the heat training schedules—Chicago's Washington Park is still the most probable match race site. Other dates under discussion are August 13 or early September. The question of both colts remaining sound is anybody's guess.

Betting on the race may not have started, but bidding for it has. Last week Hollywood Park, looking over Ben Lindheimer's original proposal of

\$75,000 in the winner-take-all purse, dispatched two officials to New York to entice Nashua's owner, William Woodward, to agree to a California race for \$100,000. At the same time—and even before their rival horses had won Saturday's features—Swaps's owner, Rex Ellsworth, phoned Woodward to sound him out on switching the race to Hollywood Park. "Sorry," replied Woodward, "but I can't see going 5,000 miles for one race. If I had a program of racing out there, with plans for the whole stable, then maybe." Woodward was as puzzled as anyone else. "It seems to me," he said, "if both Swaps and Nashua are going to Chicago, anyway, Chicago is the logical place for them to meet. If not on August 6, why not later? If Mr. Ellsworth didn't plan to bring his stable east, it is conceivable that public

demand might strongly induce me to take Nashua to California to meet Swaps. But, when Swaps is coming east anyway, my going to Hollywood Park is out of the question."

Both owners also disclosed tentative future plans. Nashua's next objective is the Dwyer at Aqueduct on July 2, followed by the Arlington Classic in Chicago on July 16.

Swaps is being pointed for Hollywood Park's Westerner on July 9. He may also go in the Sunset Handicap there on July 23 before shipping to Chicago for the American Derby at Washington Park on August 20.

Ellsworth, who is perfectly frank when he says, "We're in the business to make money off Swaps, and we'd just as soon do it in a match race as any other way," nevertheless claims any Chicago date before the American

and past the gracefully arching palms in the infield Mister Gus went out on the lead. Swaps, in hand, bided his time, and it was apparent he was only stalking his desperate quarry. Mister Gus ran more and more frantically, but behind him—with his jockey trying to discourage him from full pursuit—came the relentless Swaps. Determine larked in fourth place, gathering himself for the stretch onslaught which would really tell the tale.

Finally, at the five-sixteenth pole, Swaps decided that Mister Gus had had his fun. With easy loping stride he began to draw around and past him. Thundering into the stretch, he was first by a length and it was clear the race was over, despite a final drive that brought Determine in second.

"He's very responsive to the whip, and if hit he might have run no telling how fast," explained his trainer later. Even on the fast Hollywood course, however, a world-record under virtual jockey restraint is not easily laughed off. After it was all over, Ellsworth said candidly, "I was surprised he ran a world's record as easily as he did."

They're a real bad lot, and we simply have to beat 'em bad." When Eddie tore into Nashua at the top of the stretch the pride of Belair Stud opened up and kept right on going. "You know," said Arcaro, "I think he's getting smarter about racing." Smarter or not, Nashua has lost none of his speed. His last quarter was accomplished in a blazing 24 3/5.

Derby would upset Swaps's training program. He is naturally reluctant to ship to Chicago before Hollywood Park closes on July 25. He should be: his homes have won over \$200,000 there already, and the meeting isn't half over. Woodward, nonetheless, claims Chicago—and its neutral track—is the only logical meeting place.

Chicago Racing Director Lindheimer, willing to raise his purse to \$100,000, says, "I'll move heaven and earth or swim two rivers to bring off this race. But we won't lose our honor and dignity over any bidding contest. These two honorable sportsmen will decide for themselves what's best."

The two honorable sportsmen, meanwhile, agreed on only one point: any great horse belongs to the public, and the public is entitled to see two great horses race each other. **END**



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JOY OF RUNNING

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only question being to decide which sport to take up. Of all sports, running seemed to be the only one for which I had any aptitude. I eliminated ball games because I just did not have the eye. Also I was too light to throw my weight about either in a rowing boat or on the rugby field.

But it was much more than a negative decision to take up serious running. Since 1945 when I watched my first international athletic meeting, I had a schoolboy dream of becoming a runner. I had never watched anything more than school sports until my father took me to the White City. Perhaps he wanted me to be a runner. He himself had won his school mile and promptly fainted afterward—as many runners did in those days.

The main feature of the meeting was that Sydney Wooderson was challenging Arne Andersson, the great Swedish runner. Wooderson had been a corporal in the Pay Corps for several years, and no one knew how or where he had been able to train. Could he win? Perhaps not, but he had always been a gallant fighter. He ran a magnificent race and battled stride for stride with the great Swede until the last bend. Andersson won in 4 minutes 9.4 seconds.

Seeing Wooderson's run that day inspired me with a new interest that has continued ever since. The point about running is that anyone can do it if he wishes to intensely enough. Nobody could have wanted to run more than I did. So in Oxford I decided to devote a proportion of my time to sport, and if possible to make myself a good runner.

"NO ROOM FOR CRANKY NOTIONS"

The Freshmen's Sports were to take place two weeks later. I came across an article on training by Wooderson in which he said, "There is no room for crazy ideas or cranky notions. It consists of just running and plenty of it." This was a simple enough formula to carry in my head, so I trained along the lines of my cross-country preparation in Bath and waited for the great day. I was extremely nervous beforehand and it was one of the few mile races in which I tried to lead from start to finish. I was beaten by an ex-serviceman, Peter Curry, who later represented Britain in the Olympic steeplechase. His time was 4 min. 52 sec.

It was my first race over a mile. I remember vividly K. S. Duncan, now



IN EARLY RACE Bannister (in background) runs cross-country at Enfield Lock in 1946. Out of training, he finished ninth.

Secretary of the British Olympic Association, coming up to me afterwards and saying, "Stop bounding, and you'll knock twenty seconds off." It was the first time I had ever worn running spikes, and they had the effect of making me over-stride in a series of kangaroo-like bounds.

Most of my running in my first year at Oxford was cross-country, although I did run the mile in Freshmen's Sports. The Captain of the Third University team—he was a formidable figure, an ex-Army captain with a grand manner and a disconcerting way of prefacing all his remarks with "my dear chap"—had invited me, and though I felt I would burn myself out on the grueling seven-and-a-half-mile course, I meekly consented, week after week. Then, in the spring of 1947, came my first chance to represent Oxford on the track, in a meet against Cambridge. I was chosen among a bunch of "also-runs" for the third string in the mile.

Saturday, March 22, 1947, was a cold, wet day, the sort of day on which the sports invariably fall—according to the vast experience of Old Blues. It was the second meeting after a wartime interval of six years. The track was so soaked by the rain that it was of the consistency of lumpy porridge. I felt that the honor of my university was at stake and the responsibility weighed heavily on my shoulders,

despite the fact that only a handful of spectators had come to the meeting. This was, after all, the White City Stadium, where I had seen Wooderson running two years before.

When the gun fired, the Cambridge runners shot into the lead, so I stayed back at a respectful distance and remained there until the middle of the hack straight after the bell. I was as tired as everyone else, but suddenly for the first time I felt a crazy desire to overtake the whole field. I raced through into the lead, and a feeling of great mental and physical excitement swept over me. I forgot my tiredness. I suddenly tapped that hidden source of energy I always suspected I possessed. I won by 20 yards in a time of 4 minutes 30.8 seconds.

I had expressed something of my attitude to life in the only way it could be expressed, and it was this that gave me the thrill. It was intensity of living, joy in struggle, freedom in toil, satisfaction at the mental and physical cost. It gave me a glimpse of the future because I had discovered my gift for running—an unconscious conspiracy of mind and body that made this energy release possible. I knew from that day that I could develop this newly found ability.

In October, 1947 I received an invitation to become a "possible" for the Olympic Games to be held at Wembley the following summer. I had by this time considerably improved my running and had a good deal of competition behind me. In June, in a match at Oxford against the AAA, I ran a 4-minute 24.6-second mile at the age of 18—faster than Wooderson at the same age. I had had my first trip abroad in August, for a meet against German athletes in Cologne. Despite this, I felt I was not ready at the time for competition of Olympic standard. Though I might possibly survive these tense conditions and even reach the final, I thought it would prejudice my chances for the 1952 Games. So I declined the invitation to become a "possible"—though the AAA still allowed me to receive some of the benefits.

Six months later I was wavering in my decision. My running was going well. In three major university races my time had come down to 4 minutes 18.7 seconds. Perhaps I had been foolish in thinking that I was too young. I was gambling on a future improvement as an athlete that might never come.

I entered for the AAA Mile Championship in 1948, my first appearance

in competition at this level. I thought that if I ran well I might still be considered for Olympic selection. But I hesitated about forcing myself to run flat out. The race was won by Nankeville in 4 minutes 14.2 seconds, with Barthel of Luxembourg second, De Ruyster of Belgium third, Morris fourth and myself fifth. My time was my fastest to that date, 4 minutes 16.9 seconds. I was the third Englishman, a significant position, as there were three places to be filled for the Olympic 1,500 meters. Douglas Wilson did not run, owing to a muscle injury, and he was selected as Britain's third representative. Looking back I feel very relieved on the whole that I did not earn selection for the 1948 Olympics. I did play some small part in the Games, however, as assistant to the Commandant of the British team, Col. E. A. Hunter, O.B.E.

The Olympic Games of 1948 changed my whole outlook. Until this time I had been inclined to look on athletics as a personal affair. I saw in it primarily a way of achieving that mastery over myself which I felt I was always in danger of losing—as I had done at school. I hoped my striving as an athlete would liberate other potentialities which I knew existed inside me. Some of these I had discovered. During the last year I had grown worried that the rigors of training and the strain of competition might dull my sensitivity to other things in life.

But when I was caught up in the Olympic movement this fear vanished. I grew outside my own feeble preoccupations and strivings on the track and was transported to a greater realization of the true significance of sport. Sport changed from being a jumbled striving of individual athletes and teams to a new unity, with a beauty

'IDEAL ATHLETE'

"My ideal athlete is first and foremost a human being who runs his sport and does not allow it to run him. He is not a race horse or a professional strong man. He drinks beer, he might smoke, and he listens to coaches when he feels inclined. With so many other interests and activities, there is no danger of mental weakness. The man who mumbles about his weight chart and his pulse rate is left to the tender mercies of his fellow fanatics. All this may be wrong, but it has already produced 12 Olympic champions—men whose personality and determination are sufficient to enable them to plan successful athletic careers and at the same time to achieve balanced lives."

that is evident in men's highest endeavor. In all this I felt proud to have a small part.

By the end of the Games I was restless and anxious to compete myself. There were four years to wait before my chance would come at Helsinki in 1952. I decided I could allow myself two years of carefree running before I started single-minded preparation for Helsinki. I expected the standard would be higher then, but I hoped to be better prepared.

Sooner or later we undertake an adventure that may change our lives. For me it came when I first went to the United States. America had previously seemed as far off to a third-year medical student as dinner at the Savoy to a beggar on the Embankment.

We had been trying to revive the athletic matches which had taken place before the war against the American universities of Princeton, Cornell, Yale

and Harvard—the Ivy League, as it was called. I dared not hope for too much in case the plans went astray. But early in June, 1949 we found ourselves climbing on board a Stratocruiser at London Airport. I was flying for the first time—as captain of a combined Oxford-Cambridge team.

I was looking forward to my races in America with a mixture of anxiety and pleasure. I had spent the summer in England, training to reach my peak in America. In my last time trial, a half-mile for the AAA against London University at Motspur Park on June 1, 1949, I ran the distance in one minute 32.7 seconds, nearly five-seconds improvement on my previous best time. I felt in good heart.

I met Jack Lovelock at Princeton for the second time. Here he ran his epic race in 1933 against Bill Bonthron, when he set up a new world record of 4 minutes 7.6 seconds. Our talk was short, but he advised me when to use my finishing burst to the most telling advantage. He said that in every race there was a moment when the burst was least expected. The only problem was to decide the moment.

I found that the whole race often depended on this factor. In my later races—against Landy, for instance—I always had this advice in mind. An opponent is usually least prepared to be overtaken at the beginning or just at the end of the straight, and it is often possible to gain a few precious yards by this use of surprise.

On June 11 at Princeton, under Lovelock's watchful eyes, I ran against Ron Wittreich, the Princeton captain-elect. My time was 4 minutes 11.1 seconds. Wooderson had done 4 minutes 12.7 seconds in 1935 at the same age of 20, so I was keeping pace with his schedule. And, because I was already looking well ahead, I was even more pleased to find that I had reached my peak of fitness as I had planned—a peak which I felt I could now time almost to a day.

In the middle of the following week at Yale I ran a test three-quarter mile easily in 3 minutes 6 seconds, which made a mile in 4 minutes 8 seconds seem possible. We stayed there in one wing of the gymnasium, christened the "cathedral of muscle." We had never before seen such facilities for sport. The athlete did not have to think or to do anything for himself—he just provided a willing, obedient body, which his university clothed in athletic dress. He had only to follow his coach's instructions. Just in case he broke down under

continued on next page

'BREAKING AWAY'

"The decision to 'break away' results from a mixture of confidence and lack of it. The 'breaker' is confident to the extent that he suddenly decides the speed has become slower than he can himself sustain to the finish. Hence he can accelerate suddenly and maintain his new speed to the tape. But he also lacks confidence, feeling that unless he makes a move now, everyone else will do so and he will be left standing. The sport is extremely wasteful because it is achieved at the cost of relaxation. The athlete's style and mood change completely. His mind suddenly starts driving an unwilling body which only obeys under the

stimulus of the excitement. The earlier in the race this extra energy is thrown in, the greater the lead captured, but the less the chance of holding it. The surprise of being first to break away is worth an immediate advantage of 20 yards when there remains one further lap to complete (with a high danger of being overtaken before the finish); an advantage of 10 yards if halfway round the last lap, or of five yards in the final straight. The 'break' is like suddenly exposing your hand in a game of cards. You show how much reserve you have left by the speed at which you try to open up a gap, and by the point at which you start to do so."

JOY OF RUNNING

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the strain the university had four whole-time psychiatrists to help undergraduates with their problems.

When we reached Harvard, their Finnish coach, kindly, white-haired Jaakko Mikkola, was delighted to meet athletes with the European approach. He spent almost as much time coaching us as his own team. He seemed lost in the American drive for results which, even at Harvard, turned sport into a machine in which the athlete's individuality was submerged. Jaakko took away my spikes on the morning of the race, grinding them as sharp as needle points. He also rubbed graphite into the soles of the shoes so that none of the cinders would stick. Afterwards I always did this before an important race or record attempt. These precautions may make no difference, but in those last hours before a race I always imagine I must not neglect any assistance, however slight.

George Wade of Yale, my rival in the Yale-Harvard match, was one of the best American milers of that time. I always feel anxious, even uncomfortable, when I meet an opponent for the first time. I find it almost impossible to relax, because the fierceness that I shall need for the race rises unbidden inside me. My anxiety was greater than usual when I first saw Wade. It was the first time I had been confronted with someone of my own height, weight and physique. I had the uneasy feeling that I should be running against my own shadow.

My physique had changed from school days. It just happened that by now my build, with a stronger body on long legs, was almost ideal for middle-distance running. So I had more reason for fear running against my "double." I won the race on June 20, 1949 in 4 minutes 11.9 seconds. I might not have defeated Wade if he had not flown to Los Angeles the previous week for the NCAA championships. The following year he returned to his home in the Far West where he intended to marry and settle down. This was a severe loss to American sport.

In December, 1949 I was included in the Oxford cross-country team for the race against Cambridge over Rye-hampton Common. The seven-and-a-half-mile course leads through several V-shaped valleys. At first you free-wheel down one side until the uphill slope in the opposite side brings you under control before you are sent

sprawling. After wading through the flooded Beverly Brook, more and more mud stuck to my shoes, legs, vest and shorts, until I felt I was carrying half the Common round with me.

But our Cambridge opponents were going very strongly. Just when I was almost hugged in the "Slough of Despond," I commented with forced cheerfulness to an opponent, "I like mud, it makes the course more interesting, doesn't it?" Such unexpected heartiness evidently discouraged him, and he fell right back.

After two more miles came the long

and to run a fast time trial of three-quarter mile a few days before the race.

This method has several disadvantages. So much running on the track became boring, and I lost the sense of freshness which comes from putting on spikes only for an important race. Further, this method did not strengthen me—it merely kept me in running condition. Provided I did not race too often, I was able to run races near my best times, but without showing any decided improvement.

I ran almost entirely on nervous energy summoned for the occasion, and

'IMPROVEMENT IN RUNNING'

"There is no established technique for running. It was thousands of years from the time when cave-men attempted to draw running movements, before the cinema camera accurately analyzed the relation of arms and legs in motion. But this in itself has produced no great improvement in running. The human body is centuries in advance of the physiologist, and can perform an integration of heart, lungs and muscles which is too complex for the scientist to analyze. Improvement in running depends on continuous self-discipline by the athlete himself, on acute observation of his reactions to races and training, and above all on judgment, which he must learn for himself. The runner has to make his own decisions on the track—he has no coach there to help him. If a man coaches himself, then he has only himself to blame when he is beaten."



HANNISTER AT OXFORD

climb up the "Touist-rack." I contrived to come up to a Cambridge man, and as we reached the top I dragged myself past him with my last reserves of energy, saying as I did so, "Well, that didn't seem as bad as last year!" On this discouragement he too suddenly dropped back, and I managed somehow to reach the finish in first place in 41 minutes 54 seconds, the fastest time for this course since 1922.

Sometimes I think it is a pity that it is not possible to improve the situation in track races by appropriate comments between the runners. There is a happy social atmosphere about cross-country running not found on the track, connected partly with the cheerful confusion of improvised changing rooms and partly in sharing together the ups and downs of the course.

My training was very light, if not inadequate, at this time. My earliest system in Oxford was to train four days a week, alternating slow runs of one-and-a-quarter miles with faster runs of a half to three-quarter miles,

I needed time afterward to recover. The night after my races I was too tired physically and too excited mentally to sleep. The muscles of my legs would ache. Large quantities of salt are lost through excessive perspiration, and if I did not eat salt immediately after the race I was wracked with cramps.

Then Jim Alford, AAA coach, lent me an account of the training methods of Gunder Hagg, the Swedish world record holder for the mile. Hagg used a method called *metlek*, meaning speed-play, in which he ran almost entirely on grass. He alternated gentle running with fast running over distances from 100 yards to a mile. The aim is to give speed and stamina to the athlete, imitating the games which children play involving short bursts of running and recovering. I began to modify my methods along these lines, and this principle has formed the basis of my subsequent training.

On March 18, 1950 I lowered the Inter-Varsity record again with a 4-minute 14.8-second mile.

On July 1, 1950, the day after my

exams, I ran a 4-minute 13-second mile against the American universities at the White City Stadium, with a last lap in 57.5 seconds, my fastest time in England up to that date.

The next day I traveled to Finland with David Dixon and Nick Stacey, who had followed me in turn as president of the Oxford University Athletic Club. We were invited by the Helsinki University Club as a gesture of friendliness toward Oxford, and hired out like circus performers to local athletic clubs for track meetings, in order to cover our travel expenses.

Some American world record holders were touring Finland at the same time, and we were naturally not anxious to compete against them too often. All went well until Dick Attlesley, who had recently broken the world record for the high hurdles, crossed our path. He finished a race of 110-meter hurdles in his world record time of 13.5 seconds before David had cleared the last hurdle. This margin was too much for David, who retired on the spot. He had not bargained for competition of this caliber in a Finnish village of a few hundred inhabitants.

In Finland the spectators are better educated, athletically, than anywhere else in the world. They do not merely gaze at the spectacle but are critical of the standard of performance, and points of technique and style. They reserve their applause so that they do not debase its currency. They know that the interest and pleasure to be derived from athletics are cumulative; the more they know about it the more intense is their critical enjoyment.

On my return from Finland I decided to run nothing but half-miles. As I had been unable to train in the early season I knew that I could not expect to run well. Half-miles would be less of a strain and would give me valuable tactical experience in coping with a large field of runners moving considerably faster than in mile races. Tactical errors, such as lying fourth on the last bend, which can be rectified in a mile race, may be fatal in a half-mile; one's thinking must be so much quicker. I also wanted to develop my speed. At the same time I decided not to take my running too seriously—to enjoy it and to postpone my long-term plans.

In the AAA championships on July 15, 1950, I ran my first half-mile against Arthur Wint, the Olympic 400-meters champion. It was like leaning out from our respective events above and below this distance to shake hands. We were good friends. I had a

continued on next page

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DURKEE'S FAMOUS
SAUCE

JOY OF RUNNING

continued from page 59

strange feeling in running behind him. He was 6'5", with legs longer in proportion even to this height. His length of stride was so great that it interfered with the natural rhythm of my own running. Arthur Wint was the only runner I met who could influence my length of stride. He dominated me so much that I almost wished I could fit in two strides to his one. I had to keep at a respectful distance—it was like running against a giant. Wint beat me with ease in one minute 51.6 seconds, though I ran my fastest time.

My first taste of full international competition came in the final of the European Games 800-meters in Brussels on August 26, 1950. I was ill-prepared for such an important race. John Parlett, who ran a one-minute 50.9-second 800 meters in the Olympic semifinal at Wembley in 1948, was the other British representative. Our opponents included Audun Boysen, the young Norwegian, who had startled the world some weeks before with a one-minute 48.7-second 800 meters. There were also Marcel Hansenne of France, who took third place in the Olympic 800-meters final of 1948 at Wembley, and Joseph Barthel of Luxembourg, later Olympic 1,500-meters champion at Helsinki in 1952.

This was my first international "scrambling" race. Boysen rushed into the lead with a suicidal first lap of 50.9 seconds. I lay fourth in 53.8 seconds, a time which I could barely have returned for a 440-yard race. The jostling took me quite by surprise, and I found myself in the middle of the runners, with elbows pushing me on all sides. After moving up on the back straight I held the lead round the last bend and into the finishing straight. Then Parlett came alongside and edged past me as if blown along by a private gust of wind. Thirty yards from the tape I had no strength left. Somehow I staggered on—taking an overdraft from some hidden source. Just as I tottered over the line Marcel Hansenne came up on the outside. Parlett had won by a foot in one minute 50.5 seconds, and I was declared second. There was an appeal. The jury met, the photograph was examined and Hansenne was given the second place, with the

same time for each of us of one minute 50.7 seconds.

After this I decided that it was not tactical sense I lacked. I had survived the elbow battle and had reached a winning position. The situation in each race is different, and it is a question of thinking quickly enough. I doubt if this ability is improved much by practice. I simply lacked the strength to make use of a good position. This strength could only come from consistent training. After this meeting I began to realize the strain of international competition and the greater intensity of nervousness it produced. University matches had been crippling enough but this was ten times worse.

On my return from Brussels, Parlett beat me at Edinburgh in a slow half-mile of 2 minutes 3.6 seconds, and also in a match against France in Paris on September 9, when his time was one minute 53.5 seconds for 800 meters. I won an end-of-the-season race of 800 meters against him in Gothenburg, when we returned the same time of one minute 53.1 seconds.

Since July I had been beaten in four major races—though I had enjoyed them all. I was beginning to think it did not matter if I was beaten. This would have been fatal to my future as a runner. Until this year there had been the stimulus that no one had beaten me in an important race. Now it had happened so often that I was becoming almost happy-go-lucky. I had completed an experiment in racing. I drew the conclusion that although I could run fast times on inadequate training, I could not be sure of winning.

One day I found myself in Paris—halfway up the Eiffel Tower in a lift like a bird cage. As the lift went up I had the odd feeling that precedes a crisis. I had to escape from it all.

The Eiffel Tower is just the place in which to have a crisis and to make a decision. I did not trouble to look out at the top. I took the next lift down the tower, whistling cheerfully as we shot back to earth. Then and there I forgot about running and learned a new technique of getting from place to place: hitchhiking. Today, when I am working in a hospital or walking through a London fog, I look back on that holiday as one thinks of summer when snow is on the ground. How cheaply I had bought my freedom!

END

NEXT WEEK: THE FIRST FOUR MINUTES

Failure and disappointment in the 1952 Olympics, reflections and a comeback, the first four-minute mile; Landy of Australia, and the Nile of the Century

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Color in the Dust

It flashes still the country over, despite television, Davy Crockett and Outer Space as kids knuckle down for marbles

by REGINALD WELLS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the worst punishment a teacher could impose on a boy was to confiscate his marbles. In those days boys would shoot marbles all the way to school, during recess and all the way home again. In draw-string bags or reinforced pockets they carried their ammunition—beautiful agates, chinas and glassies, and sometimes a bloody-colored bambooizer, which was their favorite taw (shooter). Stakes ranged from conneys, a cheap clay marble important only in the number won or owned, to treasured agates of real carnelian which had hull's-eyes (see opposite page). Bleeding knuckles were accepted by all boys as part of the sport.

Last week a boy in Central Park, New York was shown an aggie (marble for agate) and couldn't identify it, confessing he had no idea how to play marbles. Another boy, shown an immie (glass imitation of an agate), responded enthusiastically, "Oh, those! . . . Sure, we throw 'em under buses to hear 'em crack!" It was the same in Boston, Dallas and Los Angeles. But a spot check across the nation showed that, while mibs shooting is dead or dying out in some large cities, it is flourishing as enthusiastically as ever in rural areas. In fact, for some weeks now, more than a million mibsters have been knuckling down in hundreds of towns in preparation for the national marble championships which are this week being staged in Asbury Park, N.J. and Denver, Col. by the V.F.W. and Scripps-Howard papers.

Marbles is more an occasional diversion now, rather than the deadly serious business it was 25 years ago when a good fist fight could and often did break out over a disputed shot. Lack of playing space has pushed marble

shooting back into the playgrounds of schools and recreation parks, and it is here that the game is annually organized into a nation-wide competitive sport. Ringer remains the favorite game—13 marbles knocked out of a 10-foot ring. But 25 other variations are also played, including pug, bing ring, pooning, bunny and purgatory.

The average boy in the street may no longer be hep to marble lingo, but serious mibsters still use it. A shout of "everes" means a player can do almost anything, including "hist" (shoot from elevated position) and "round" (move marble in the circle). "Fen everes" denies the opponent all privileges. "Larves" claims the last shot and "dakes" means stakes are for keeps.

Marbles in one form or another has been played in the U.S. since colonial days, and there has been little change in playing methods since those days; or even through the centuries before. The Aztecs are known to have played a form of marbles, and American Indians were found playing a game similar to one colonists had played in England. It was while playing immies with his son that Vice-president Andrew Johnson was informed President Lincoln had been shot. Harold Reese, of baseball fame, got his nickname Pee Wee (meaning small marble) after winning a mibs tournament as a boy.

Prior to World War I virtually all good marbles used in the U.S. were imported from Germany. They were expensive, however, and clay pawns or conneys were in more general use. When glass marbles (immies, pareys) were introduced in the U.S. at the turn of the century, they set a new fashion which has prevailed to this day.

But no glass marble ever matched the incomparable, genuine carnelian

(agate) which is no longer sold. Today's marbles are poor imitations of those produced 25 years ago, although they cost one and a half times as much to make as did the moonstones.

Quantity has replaced quality and how many a kid can get for a nickel (now 19) is more important than beauty of the marble. Red is still the favorite color, with green next.

Sport isn't the only thing in a marble's life. Used for play by the Chinese as early as 4,000 B.C., probably by Egyptians in the 14th century B.C., and by the Romans before the Punic Wars, this little round ball of glass supports a million-dollar industry. The U.S. has dominated the marble business since the first marblemaking machine was introduced in 1915. Today seven marble factories (six in West Virginia) are kept busy making glass balls, and together the industry produces some 650 million a year, of which 85% are for sport. The rest are variously employed as highway reflectors, decorations for fishbells and even for casing coffins into mausoleums.

But despite its many outlets, the U.S. marble industry is facing a serious crisis. The threat comes from the East: slant-eyed aggies, the colloquial for marbles made in Japan. Completely underselling American marbles, the Japanese product has already taken over the West Coast business and is expected to capture 50% of the market by next year unless U.S. marble makers can force higher tariffs to protect their industry.

Whatever the outcome of this crisis one thing is almost certain—as long as there are spring and room enough to play, mibsters will somewhere be knuckling down to the unchanging game of immies. (END)

Marbles from the collection of Sellers Parker and Jerry Park

GENUINE CARNELIANS (agates) also called flints, eggies and realies were original handmade shooters. Now collector's items, they are still the most treasured of all marbles.

PEPPERMINT STRIPES were among first glass marbles imported from Germany but high prices limited popularity. This candy stripe variety was semimechanically made.

FIRST AMERICAN glass marbles were poor imitations of imported candy stripes. Far more popular in the 1860s were cheap, fired-clay marbles (right) called mixgles and comneys.

CAT'S EYES, made from used crystal (old bottles, etc.) were first cheap glass marbles made. Colored whirl design injected mechanically into center was not favored by children.

IMMIES were popular replacement of hard-to-get agate shooters. Mass produced by machine, their bright opaque colors immediately caught the fancy of finicky marble players.

RAINBOWS, also called immies, were introduced in 1925 by Peltier Glass Co. and became hot marble currency and are still favorites. Kids like their separated-stripe design.

MARINES, made of colored crystal, were a passing fad, being replaced in popularity by moonstones (below). New and booming market for them today is as decorations for aquariums.

MOONSTONES (moonies and pa-reys), developed by rival firm to offset popularity of Rainbows, were most beautiful and costly marbles and included the famous bloody.

SCRAP GLASS marbles made from old colored jars flooded market during World War I and marked the end of beautiful marbles. Marbles of today (right) are of poorer quality.

JAPANESE CAT'S EYES, now being imported in millions, are threat to U.S. marble industry. Different and more colorful than today's U.S. marbles, they are a big hit with kids.



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HIGH-JUMPING BABIES

Miniature tarpon are born hell raisers. Hook one and he's up in the air, under the boat, jumping in the bushes—fishing's great show-off

by JAMES SHEPLEY

Now, and for the next month, tarpon will be at the peak of their season in the broad tidal bays and rivers which break the sweeping curve of the Gulf Coast. Sought from Mexico to Miami, but perhaps most intensively along Florida's west coast from Cape Sable to Tampa, the tarpon is the Gulf's great game fish—big tarpon, that is, say from 50 pounds up. Lesser known—but no less exciting—is the sport of angling for so-called baby tarpon in canals, estuaries and rivers running into salt water.

Sometime in late spring the big tarpon concentrate on the edge of the Gulf and school up to spawn. The resulting fry move up the tidal creeks and fresh rivers to mature in sheltered shallow waters until they can attain the proportions necessary for survival in the sea. In these small mangrove-lined streams, which swell and fall with the tides, tarpon range in size from that of small bream to hungry 30-pounders. (The mature seagoing fish weighs up to 200 pounds or more.)

They are true game fish right from the egg. Tiny tarpon only weeks old can be taken on light trout tackle and flies. The baby babies are almost as hard to land as their massive parents and are prized trophies for the really good fly caster. The babies are fish to try the best of anglers who use trout and bass-weight fly rods, spinning gear or light bait-casting rods. Spin casters use 6- to 10-pound monofilament, bait casters 10- to 15-pound test line, depending on the sensitivity of their thumbs and the speed of their reflexes in releasing the spool at the beginning of a fast rush.

Baby tarpon are found upstream wherever the tarpon ranges, but perhaps the most productive waters are those which encompass Florida's Ten Thousand Islands region. The islands stretch 60 miles along the lower west coast from Naples to Ponce de Leon Bay at the mouth of Shark River. They comprise a total area of nearly 600 square miles.

The majority of the islands are tiny oyster bars covered with dense mangrove thickets. The number grows annually as oyster shells pile up above low-tide levels and provide a rooting ground for mangroves. Some of the islands are large, six to 10 miles long, a mile wide, and contain high ground in all but the rare super tides.

The islands abound in insect life. In the best of the season the tarpon fishermen must be able to endure the fiery sand fly and be prepared to enjoy fishing in a bath of mosquito repellent. May, June and July are top months for baby tarpon, but a determined fisherman can take them any time. In the winter months they are harder to find and harder to make strike, as well as harder to hook and boat.

Tarpon are constantly on the move after they reach five pounds. They work in the channels of the creeks between the shallow bays. They are here today, gone tomorrow and must be hunted out. There are days when they are now here

to be found. The smallest tarpon lie still in the cover of the mangrove roots, waiting for shrimps or minnows to drift by on the outrunning tide. In the inside waters of the Ten Thousand Islands, all game fish feed on the ebbing tide, and are most active from half out to the slack water of the turn. Outside, on the edge of the Gulf, they feed on the incoming tide as well, as food fish push in from the sea.

As the baby tarpon moves and feeds, it gives the angler his single advantage. Fishermen always know when they are "in" tarpon. The fish has a curious roll similar to a feeding porpoise, except that the tarpon shows only its dorsal fin and tail. The loosely formed schools of tarpon are hunted down in fast utility runabouts powered by inboard engines from 100 hp up. Astern, the runabouts tow fishing skiffs powered by outboards of from 10 to 25 hp. The fast boats cover the watery miles of the Ten Thousand Islands; the skiffs—manned by veteran guides—penetrate mangrove-canopied creeks where it seems nothing could pass.

APPROACHING THE FISH

Since tarpon are sensitive to the grind of gasoline engines and the pounding slap of fast boats, the skiff fisherman must cut his outboard power the instant he sights a rolling fish, and push ahead on oars. He must keep carefully to the side of the channels in which the feeding fish move up and down, rolling as they strike. The tarpon fisherman presents his plug, or streamer, if he uses a fly rod, across the channel just to the edge of the jutting mangrove roots, and preferably in a direction quartering upstream from the boat. When they are striking freely, tarpon will hit almost anything that moves in the water. But good days or bad, they are most often hooked on a darting plug which will come to the top when it is motionless. The silver-flash finish attracts more strikes.

Fished properly, the tarpon plug is retrieved across the surface in short water-popping jerks, then pulled under in final retrieve halfway to the boat. No line is recovered during the jerks so that the plug lies still for an instant while the fisherman reels in. In these split seconds, or just after the plug is pulled underwater on the final retrieve, the water will sometimes boil up in a violent turbulence unmatched by the rise of any other game fish.

It is at the moment of the strike that most fish are lost, because the fish's reflexes are faster than the angler's. Veteran guides estimate that no more than one in 20 strikes, on the broad average, produces a boated tarpon. The tarpon's greatest asset in his struggle with the sport fisherman is his hard mouth, heavily armored with a plate of bony fiber. The hook must be set with great speed and force and it cannot be set at all unless it has been honed to needle

continued on next page



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TARPON

continued from page 57

sharpness. By the time most fishermen have begun to strike back the tarpon has started to reject the false food. If there is strong rod pressure the plug bullets toward the boat and many an unwary tarpon fisherman or his guide or companion has been firmly hooked instead of the fish.

Sometimes the tarpon's vicious lunge will overshoot and it will literally inhale the plug. The hooks will set in its gills and give the tarpon fisherman his highest odds. A gill set is recognizable on the second jump when the fish begins to stream blood down its silvery sides.

The most satisfactory set is just behind the fish's mouth where the chances can be rated about even for fish and fisherman. When the hook is set only in the front of the mouth the angler usually has good sport and no fish. He will get half a dozen powerful jumps. Then the plug comes sailing out.

The tarpon's jump alone is worth the trip, the time, the sand flies and the mosquitoes. It is a thing of great beauty, of fighting power unleashed, and it can happen not 6 feet from the boat. At the top of its leap the tarpon shakes its massive head with a fury that rattles its gill covers audibly and the plug like a child's toy. The angler prays that a fish will keep on jumping — but not too close to the boat.

If the tarpon fails to throw the plug, it has another important route to freedom. It can break the line. Its rushes away from the boat are enough to

accomplish this if the fish is handled too tightly. If it is handled too loosely, the tarpon goes under the mangroves and breaks the line on the roots.

Should all these efforts fail the fish, it sometimes has a master tactic. It charges directly at the boat, forcing the fisherman to reel in desperately in order to take up dangerous slack. The tarpon ducks under the boat and it jumps with all its power against the tight line on the other side. This is infallible if the fisherman cannot swing his rod tip under and around the bow or stern. The outboard motor adds interestingly to the hazard for the angler.

THE LAST EFFORT

In the one out of 20 strikes when none of the factors favoring the fish is controlling, the thing will end in the final fate to which the tarpon's fighting heart has driven him. After the rushes and a dozen or more jumps, which even the smallest fish have in them, the tarpon will come to the surface and make a tail-lashing effort to get into the air once more.

The best baby-tarpon waters can be approached from the northwest at Naples, from the northeast at Everglades and from the south at Cape Sable. It is dangerous to go in without an experienced guide, but the open bays at the Gulf edge are safe enough for the tyro. There is a lot of water here, more of it without fish than with them. A good guide is indispensable in hunting the tarpon. He is invaluable for the personal instruction, which even the veteran fisherman who has not heated tarpon will find he needs.

END



Jerry Marcus

"Very funny . . . very funny . . ."

TENNIS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

A PREVIEW AND A PROPHECY ABOUT
THAT "DEDICATED FORTNIGHT" AT
WIMBLEDON WHERE THE BEST OF
THE BEST WILL MEET NEXT WEEK

THE CONSERVATIVE BRITISH call them merely "The Championships," as if they were in an all-inclusive class by themselves, and actually they are. More informally, they are known as the Wimbledon tennis championships and they come up for contention again—the 69th time since 1877—starting June 20 on the turf of the sprawling plant on the outskirts of London.

For weeks the game's greatest amateur players, both men and women, have been gathering from all parts of the world. America's proud Davis Cup stars, the feared Australians, the exciting Italians, the towering Swedes—all have one aim: to win tennis' most coveted prize. Wiesbaden, Rome, Paris, Beckenham—these have been just preliminaries leading up to the big test.

Wimbledon long has served as the barometer of individual and international tennis greatness, and the tournament this year is of particular interest because it may bring an undisputed No. 1 player out of a haze of inconsistent performers.

I think Rosewall and America's Tony Trabert now have emerged as the two standout contenders for world amateur court honors. My operatives in England tell me that the British—who will bet a two-shilling piece or a 10-pound note at the fall of a drop shot, have made Trabert and Rosewall joint title favorites in a published pretournament "book." I haven't heard the exact odds but this is the way I would preview the field, derby fashion:

4-1—Tony Trabert (U.S.A.), Ken Rosewall (Australia)

6-1—Vic Seixas (U.S.A.), Lew Hoad (Australia), Rex Hartwig (Australia), Hamilton Richardson (U.S.A.)

10-1—Jaroslav Drobný (England), Budge Patty (U.S.A.), Sven Davidson (Sweden), Mervyn Rose (Australia)

15-1—Art Larsen (U.S.A.), Giuseppe Merlo (Italy), Orlando Sirola (Italy), Lennart Bergelin (Sweden), Nicola Pietrangeli (Italy), Fausto Gardini (Italy)

In the Davis Cup Challenge Round at Sydney last December and in subsequent tournaments, Trabert flashed the kind of form which could rocket him to the top this year. He has blended his thunderbolt game with a positive attitude which has given him

a steadiness and a purpose he formerly lacked.

Tony lost in the semi-finals of the Australian championships in January, then reeled off 10 straight tournament victories before going to Europe. He was upset by Italy's Sirola at Wiesbaden, before he got his land legs, but he bounced back to win at Paris.

It must be remembered, however, that in assembling this record Trabert has encountered for the most part only home-grown opposition. In none of these victories did he have to meet any of the top Aussies, particularly Rosewall, who has beaten him in straight sets in their last two meetings.

Rosewall, once regarded as not quite as good a prospect as Hoad because of the latter's crackling power, now stands out as the most formidable of the Down Under threats. He has matured. He lacks the "big game" but he can thread a needle off either side from the backcourt and he has the greatest racket control I have ever seen. Hoad has the game for greatness but hits costly psychological lapses. Hartwig is slashing and exciting but too temperamental.

If Rosewall is to be beaten, Trabert

is the one for the job. Seixas has not been playing well in Europe. Richardson is improved but not enough to whip the world. Drobný's chances of repeating are slim. He is 33, troubled with a cantankerous appendix and below form. Besides, Wimbledon hasn't had a repeater since Don Budge in 1937-38.

The doubles at Wimbledon also will be interesting and should provide a criterion for the Davis Cup competition. Captain Harry Hopman has teamed his big serve-and-volley guys, Hoad and Hartwig, and equipped them with a page from the Talbert book—the "scissors" maneuver. We'll have to find an answer.

The women's division is wide open with the retirement of Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly, but American lassies again will dominate. Louise Brough is reported playing very well and Doris Hart, the U.S. champion, will be a favorite. Also watch out for Beverly Baker Fleitz and 19-year-old Darlene Hard, from Montebello, Calif.

There is a majesty about Wimbledon which sets it well above any other tennis tournament in the world. Even the most calloused world tennis tourist gets a lump in his throat when the strains of *God Save the Queen* ring through the vast covered stadium surrounding the center court. Wimbledon is England's one proud, big tennis show. They also call it the "dedicated fortnight." That it is, and a man who can't reach his greatest heights on the center court is not worthy of the game. **END**



"I sensed it."



MOORE REDUCES in rubber suit under sweat pants to make the 175-pound limit.

ARCHIE MOORE VS. AVOIRDUPOIS

Before stepping into the ring next Wednesday night to fight a rugged Bobo Olson, the world's light heavyweight champion must first win a battle to knock off nearly 22 pounds of fat

by WILLIAM H. WHITE

BEFORE SHOWING to defend his light heavyweight title against Bobo Olson, Archie Moore, who then weighed 196½ pounds, made a painful confession. "Man," he confided, "it will take dynamite to get me to 175 pounds."

Last week at Ehsan's Training Camp, a few miles from Summit, N.J., Old Archie, who is pushing 46, was midway in his campaign to lop off these 21-odd pounds. And while the graying, cagey veteran was keeping mum on how much he's managed to shed, it was obvious that he has an exhausting battle on his hands before he ever touches gloves with Olson at the Polo Grounds next Wednesday night.

Moore would like everyone to think he has a secret formula for reducing. "I'll tell you," he taunts, "I know how to take off weight. I learned from a man in Australia, an aborigine, in 1940. It's a secret and there are other athletes like me who get overweight, they'd like to know it." But the formula, in essence, is what most overweight fighters apply: a steady diet of heavy workouts on an empty stomach.

Moore's workday at Ehsan's begins at 7 each morning with a six-mile jog. "I like to wait until the sun comes up so I can sweat good." To help nature along, Archie runs in heavy scarlet hunting pants, a woolen lumber jacket, a knitted wool cap pulled down around his ears and, underneath all this, a rubber sweat suit. In this attire he burns up more energy in one hour than an office worker does in an entire day.

After roadwork Archie showers, is rubbed down by his trainer, Cheerful Norman, and eats—or better drinks—

breakfast: a large glass of iced orange juice and a cup of hot tea with a single teaspoon of sugar. Once in a while, but rarely during these corpulent days, he may also eat one egg, four strips of bacon and a slice of dry toast.

From 9 until one he relaxes and sips two more glasses of orange juice. "You see, my training is as much rest as work. You break the body down with work, then you gotta build it up with rest." Sprawled on the dingy sheets in Room No. 5 behind the harracklike gym at Ehsan's, a small cubicle cluttered with sweat clothes and flashy suits, sneakers and suede shoes, sports magazines and comic books, Archie writes letters (as many as 40 a day) to fans and friends and listens to tape recordings that he's made of his favorite blues musicians until he falls asleep.

"BREAK THE BODY DOWN"

At 1:30, without a bite of lunch, he climbs into the ring "to break the body down" some more. Dressed like any other middle-aged sportsman on a weight-losing binge in a health club (rubber suit covered with sweat pants and a heavy T-shirt), Moore shadow-boxes for three rounds and spars two to five rounds with his habitual sparring partner, Tiger Bacon. He ends his one-hour workout with three rounds each on the light and heavy punching bags and five minutes of callisthenics with two-pound hand weights. This performance would knock anybody else Archie's age out for good.

Promptly at 5 every evening, he sits down to his one big meal: lettuce and tomato salad (no dressing), a broiled

one-pound porterhouse steak (no fat), two vegetables, a slice of dry toast, tea and melon or stewed fruit. After dinner he watches television, plays cards and is in bed by 10.

"The big thing about preparing for this fight," admits his trainer, "is taking off weight. After all, Archie should know how to box by now."

"So mostly we talk over his training schedule. He works it out and I keep tabs. The plan is to take off one pound of solid weight a day. Down to around 180 at least. Then watch his weight carefully. You leave that last five pounds for drying out. This makes him faster, a little meaner. You know?"

Armchair calculations indicate that Moore can lose a pound a day, if he rigidly sticks to his program. Losing weight always involves the same basic principle: eat less than the body normally needs so that the stored surplus is burned up to make up the deficit. Moore's diet—high in protein for strength, low in fat, and slim on carbohydrate—contains roughly 2,200 calories a day less than a white-collar worker eats. His morning and afternoon workouts consume about 6,160 calories, or more than twice that of the average individual, leaving a deficit of 3,960 calories a day. This is approximately the number needed to burn up one pound of fatty fat.

But Archie, like anyone who has tried dieting, is only human; the temptation to nibble, if only so slightly, is agonizing. When he is out of training, he drinks as many as 10 malted milks a day. While he obviously must forsake this pleasure, he does sneak

a dish of applesauce or bowl of cereal.

Archie sweats off about six quarts of fluid every day, but takes in about that much, plus salt tablets, to quench his thirst and maintain his vital water balance. If he didn't, as one doctor put it, he would fall flat on his face. And while it would be medically more sound if he ate three equal meals a day, he is getting sufficient minerals, proteins and vitamins.

No one can judge to what extent Archie's rigorous training and severe dieting are sapping his stamina. Not even Moore himself will know this until the fight is well under way. Several possibilities, however, do exist. For one, if he peels off all his excess as well as some normal body fat and is still far from the weight, he will have to begin burning muscle mass. This would weaken him; but it is an unlikely contingency. More likely, he can scale down to 180 pounds or less, and right before weighing in at noon Wednesday, sweat off the remaining pounds to make the 175-pound limit. Between noon and 5, when he eats his last meal before the fight, however, he must replenish this loss. He can drink water itself, but would be far wiser to take quick-energy liquid like beef bouillon or orange juice.

If he does not restore his fluid loss and enters the ring dehydrated, he may be courting the same disaster that ended the last big money-making light heavyweight championship in New York. It happened three years ago this week, when Sugar Ray Robinson fought Joey Maxim.

Dr. Ira McCown of the State Athletic Commission recalls, "The temperature that day was 94°. The humidity was 90°. That evening was so still and

ARCHIE MOORE'S REDUCING FORMULA



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(ONE POUND FAT A DAY)

quiet you couldn't even see the flags waving in the breeze—because there was no breeze.

"We had a mass of 45,000 spectators on hand, which increased the heat. At ringside we also had an added factor of about 100 kilig lights overhead. That brought the temperature—it was proven—to 103° at the edge of the ring. Under the lights, we feel undoubtedly, it was nearer 130°."

All day long Robinson had taken no fluids. He tried to sleep, but couldn't. He got up about 8 o'clock and Dr. Vincent Nardiello tried to give him something to drink. "I wanted to give him a big glass of lemonade with plenty of sugar. I finally gave him iced tea with plenty of sugar, but he refused to take it. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I've been fighting for 14 years. I never took any fluids before a fight.'"

"I said, 'Son, this is a tough night. This is a real hot night. You have got to have fluids.' He didn't take a thing, and that's what licked him. He was absolutely dehydrated."

Robinson set a very fast pace, but he was already well dried out. Moreover, the humidity was so high that whatever more he sweated didn't evaporate to keep him cool.

"The first symptom that we noticed," Dr. McCown remembers, "was about the fourth round—and, mark you, the managers and trainers at ringside said, 'Oh Doc, he's in fine shape. Do you see how he is feinting Maxim for the kill?' Robinson was running around the ropes. I think it was the fifth he went to the wrong corner—we'll, he went the wrong way, but in the 11th he absolutely went to the wrong corner."

"At the 11th round Dr. Schiff [a ring physician] and I went to his corner. Robinson was very glassy-eyed. His body was wet. He was hot. He didn't know where he was. He was anxious to

continue, but he was in no condition. He was absolutely out, physically out."

"When we got him back we had to literally carry him back to his dressing room. I have never seen such a state of cerebral excitation. He didn't know where he was. He was cursing—anybody would do that when he gets in that state. It was a very depressing thing to see."

Robinson was suffering from heat exhaustion. He was dried out to begin with. He became further exhausted because he literally lost three to four quarts of fluid right in the ring, and it wasn't being replaced.

NO TIME FOR WHIMS

But the situation is doubly dangerous for Archie Moore: Robinson weakened himself because of personal whim. Moore, going into this fight as finely trained as he can possibly get, can't even afford this extravagance.

Archie has had increasing trouble scaling down as a light heavyweight. For three days before his last fight with Maxim, a year ago January, he drank no liquid, he says. The morning of the weigh-in he still was 180 pounds, and to make the 175-pound limit had to run four miles to work off the five pounds. Last June, a month before his scheduled bout with Harold Johnson, he was 30 pounds overweight and received a five-week postponement. He didn't feel he could reduce that much in time. And just two months ago, before going into training for the Valdes fight, he tipped the scales at 212.

Unquestionably, this pre-fight battle with his own body is becoming too much for him. Archie himself admits it. "This Olson fight," he confided to a friend last week, "will be my last go as a light heavyweight." And, in what certainly was no understatement, he added: "Taking off all this weight . . . you know? It's damn killing." END



OLSON EXPANDS by eating sandwiches. The middleweight champion plans to weigh in Wednesday noon at about 170 pounds.

YESTERDAY

HARRIMAN AT YALE

At a low point in Yale rowing, a future statesman helped to coach the Elis to victory over Harvard

by WILLIAM LOWE

THE HEAD COACH of the Yale crew in 1913 was a dedicated, studious undergraduate who had never rowed in a varsity shell—and who happened to be the wealthiest student in any college in the U.S. He was cited by Bob Cook, Grand Old Man of Yale rowing, as “easily the most promising crew coach in America.” “I hope,” added Cook, “that he can give his life to it.” He was referring to a young Yale senior named W. Averell Harriman.

Harriman, today the governor of New York State, did not give his life to rowing, but he did spend five years getting ready for his coaching career and the annals of his preparation are impressive.

They begin in June 1908, when E. H. Harriman, who owned or controlled a 23,000-mile railroad empire worth \$1,500 million, loaded his two sons, Averell and Roland, aboard his three-masted, 190-foot steam yacht *Salinas* and sailed up the Hudson River to Poughkeepsie for the annual four-mile race of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. Averell was then a member of the Groton School crew, and E. H.'s purpose was to find, and hire, the best rowing coach in the country to tutor his two sons that summer on the lake of his 20,000-acre estate at Arden, N.Y.

In an upset, a Syracuse eight, coached by Jim Ten Eyck and stroked by his son, defeated a highly favored Cornell crew. Ten Eyck went to Arden and for a month taught the refinements of single and double sculling to Averell and Roland. By the time Averell made the Yale freshman crew in 1910, he had a polished rowing style but could get his weight up to 160 pounds only with difficulty. Denied the rigors of an eight-oared shell by order of his doctors, Averell took up double sculling in his sophomore year with Jack Appleton (son of the publisher and now a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad) as a partner.

At the end of the 1911 season Yale rowing was at the bottom. It had suffered four straight varsity defeats by Harvard. A despairing graduate rowing committee figured that any change at Yale would be for the better. For one thing there was a move to abandon professional coaching. English universities long had insisted on amateur coaches and would not allow professionally coached American eights to compete with them at Henley.



SLENDER HARRIMAN WAS TOO LIGHT TO MAKE YALE VARSITY CREW

Then there was a debate over rowing styles. Most American crews were using a short, choppy stroke with a slow catch and a quick recovery. It was with this stroke that beefy Harvard eights were beating Yale with monotonous regularity on the Thames River at New London, Conn., where The Boat Race has traditionally been held since 1878.

On another Thames River at London, England, Oxford and Cambridge had for years been rowing in a very different way. The English stroke was a long, swinging one which, properly executed, gave more power and speed with fewer strokes per minute. Perhaps there was something to be learned on the Thames over the ocean that could put an end to the Crimson dominance.

The decision in favor of amateur coaching was made, and Averell Harriman was picked to coach the freshman crew for the 1912 season. In the winter of that year the young junior wangled a leave of absence from his classes and sailed for England and shortly arrived at Oxford with letters to Professor G. C. Bourne, Oxford coach and to the president (captain) of the Oxford University Boat Club.

Arriving at Oxford in an early spring drizzle, Averell found his way to the boathouse where he waited outside an open door in the rain while a boatman went up to the dressing room to fetch the Oxford captain. In his own good time

that gentleman came down dressed in a great white duffle coat, stood in the rain with Harriman, read and then quizzically received the letter of introduction. Governor Harriman recalls its key sentence: "Harriman has come from Yale, which is 3,000 miles away, to see you row." The captain crumpled the letter into a ball, stuffed it in his pocket and said, "We'll be going down the river shortly. If you walk along the towpath, you will be able to see us." He left Harriman standing in the rain.

Oxford's preparation for the annual race with Cambridge fell into three stages. It began at Oxford where Coach Bourne would pick the eight best men from the various college boats and get them started rowing together in one shell as a university (varsity) eight. This stage Averell watched from the towpath.

The crew then moved to Henley on the Thames for three weeks under a second coach, Holland, who got rid of each man's rough edges. There Harriman rode along the river on horseback beside Holland and learned the intricacies of the English stroke.

He lived at the Leander Boathouse with the crew. Night after night he dined silently and quite alone at a table separated from the one where the Oxford crew and coaches were seated. At the end of a week of observation, the president of the Oxford boat club rose, walked across to Harriman's table and asked him if he would like to dine with the crew. Thus, finally, and formally introduced, Averell got on famously with the Oxonians and joined them at meals and in their weekly glass of champagne. That introduction to British manners and character was not forgotten on later trips to England as World War II Lend-Lease boss and post-war Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

From Henley the crew moved down river to Putney for the final training period under still a third coach—Harcourt Gold, who had been a great Oxford stroke for three years and whose job now was to make the eight men row and compete as one.

The temptation to stay in London an extra week and see the race itself (which Oxford won for the fourth year in a row) was so great that Averell had booked passage back to the States on two steamers sailing a week apart. But his conscience won out, and he sailed before the race on the *Olympic*. He cancelled his reservation on the *Titanic*, which ran into an iceberg at full steam and sank on April 15, 1912 with a loss of more than 1,500 lives.

The Yale freshman crew of 1912 to which Harriman taught the English stroke lost to the Harvard freshmen at New London by a few feet, but they regularly beat their own varsity crew, and Averell was appointed coach of the varsity for the following year. In the winter of 1913 he went back to Oxford with Bud Snowden, the Yale captain, and Jim Rodgers, formerly Yale's head coach, who had become Harriman's advisory coach.

On returning to New Haven Harriman would arrive at 1:30 every day, rain or shine, at the George Ade Memorial Boat House in the harbor to drill his crews from a launch or even from a single scull, which he would row ahead of them, frequently until dark. He would then return to the training table for dinner with the crews and later would climb the four flights to his top floor room in venerable Connecticut Hall and dig into his books.

Harriman had won the graduate rowing committee over to English ways, and Harcourt Gold, accompanied by G. S. MacLagan, former Oxford coxswain, was brought over from Oxford in June 1913 to put the finishing touches on the Yale crew at Gale's Ferry in New London for the Harvard Race. At that time, Harriman also appointed another undergraduate to coach the freshman crew in the English

style—a young man by the name of Dean Acheson. The Ells even rowed in a U-shaped English shell side-rigged so that the port and starboard oarsmen sat on alternate sides of the keel.

Despite all Yale's work on the new stroke, Harvard won every race at New London in 1913. Although they led at two miles, the Yale varsity oarsmen were beaten by 10 lengths at four miles. The light (151 pounds) stroke, Bill Crocker, could barely keep the Yale boat up to 29 strokes a minute at the finish; Harvard crossed the line at 38. It was Yale's seventh loss to Harvard in eight years and their sixth in a row. Reported the *New York Times*: "The annual regatta has become a Harvard holiday."

Although Harvard had tried the English stroke under an English coach in 1897 with disastrous results, Harriman could not give up after only a year's trial in 1913. At his insistence Gay Nickalls was brought over from Oxford to succeed Harriman as head coach at Yale in 1914 (he remained through 1921).

In 1914 the English experiment paid off. Struck by Harriman's old doubles partner Jack Appleton and with all Harriman- and Acheson-trained men in the shell, the Yale varsity beat Harvard by a whisker. In 1915, still rowing the English stroke, Yale swept the river clean. The Blue varsity beat the Crimson by seven lengths. **END.**



FRESHMAN COACH. young Dean Acheson was appointed by Harriman in 1913.



OXFORD EXPERTS Harcourt Gold, right, and G. S. MacLagan were brought to this country by Harriman to help coach Varsity.

TENNIS IN A COMA

Sirs:

Billy Talbert's recent comments on Jack Kramer's suggestion of open tennis tournaments (SI, June 6) contained the statement: "Jack's open tournament would be no more than a glorified touring road show. It would kill amateur tennis, the lifeblood of the sport."

Granted that a series of open tournaments would have some of the elements of a road show—most of the tournaments would contain the same players—what does Billy call the year-round pilgrimage of the top amateur tennis players of the U.S.? And which, may I ask, would Billy or anyone else interested in tennis prefer, a title match between Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales, or one between Tony Trabert and Vir Seixas?

As to his statement that open tournaments would kill amateur tennis, it would seem logical to compare tennis with golf—neither is a team sport and both may be played well into middle age. Golf has prospered tremendously from open tournaments; this is indicated by the continued increase of amateur golf. Tennis, on the contrary, has lost ground since the mid-twenties, as the actual decrease in the number of rackets and balls sold by the leading manufacturers in this country shows, despite a population growth in the U.S. of approximately 30 million.

Let me hasten to add that while I disagree with Billy on this issue, I both admire and respect him as an individual and for his influence on tennis. Yet as a tennis enthusiast I view with alarm the present condition of my favorite game. It needs some form of rejuvenation badly, for while it is not dying—and I trust never will—it certainly is in a state of coma.

T. MALCOLM PIERCE, JR.
Thomson, Georgia

MIRTH & GLEE WITH E & D

Sirs:

The writers of EVENTS & DISCOVERIES make me laugh. You ought to give them another page or two.

JAMES DUGAN

New York

● Reader-Writer Dugan makes E & D writers happy—ED.

YOU HAD US IN THE STANDS

Sirs:

I enjoy SI very much, but you let us down on your reporting of Bill Yukovich's fatal crash (SI, June 6). You didn't take us to the scene, journalistically speaking, and tell us what happened. You had us a mile away in the stands, watching a distant column of smoke. One expects better journalism from an elaborate organization such as yours.

STANLEY SHENK

West Liberty, Ohio

● For 24 hours after the crash there was much confusion as to what had

actually happened. Alfred Wright wrote the story on a special plane which left Indianapolis for Chicago (where SI is printed) minutes after the race ended. At that time, several versions of the accident were still circulating. Later, John Bentley talked with AAA officials and the drivers who survived the crash. His report of what really happened appeared in SI the following week.—ED.

THE CROSS FAULKNER BEARS

Sirs:

I waited a long time for comments from your readers on the Faulkner piece (SI, May 16). However, nothing has been mentioned about the thing that bothered me most in the story.

Faulkner may have written a long book called *A Felt* which had a religious tone and symbolism, and indeed, the cross was printed on the publisher's jacket, but I fail to see the significance or validity of a symbol such as your photographer-writer employed in his two-page photo of Faulkner and the hidden horse.

What is religious about a horse race? Why picture this man hunched over, studying a horse, to be sure, but at the same time looking as if he were bearing the weight of a life-and-death-size crucifix slung upon a black sky?

DIXIE L. HOFFMANN

Springfield, Ill.

● Actually, Mr. Faulkner was feeding the horse a lump of sugar. SI

compliments Mr. Hoffmann on his sharp observation; so far he is the only person who has connected the accidental "symbol" with Mr. Faulkner's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel.—ED.

EXHIBIT A

Sirs:

We have examined the pictures of Marriano hitting Cockell while the latter was down (SI, May 30) and we have noted the champ's explanation that he had already started his swing when Cockell fell. From the evidence it appears that Rocky must have been aiming for Don's groin, which doesn't strike us as at all improbable.

J. S. STRINGHAM

J. M. STRINGHAM

Appleton, Wisconsin

IF HE WOULD JUST LEARN

Sirs:

In his article on the Marriano-Cockell fight (SI, May 30) Budd Schulberg says, "It almost started a revolution." I would say it did start one.

Rocky is my idol and would be a great champ if he would learn to fight cleaner. Show him the photos taken and he couldn't have the nerve to excuse himself.

KATH. RICKMAN

Salem, Ohio

EXACT DESCRIPTION

Sirs:

Congratulations to your magazine for printing Budd Schulberg's truthful description of Marriano as an uncouth, merciless,

continued on next page

"Where's Lefty?"

uncontrolled and truly vicious fighter, which is exactly what he is.

I'm glad there is one magazine that is not afraid to call a spade a spade instead of depicting Marciano as "just a rough fighter" and "not really dirty," as too many have been doing.

I also admire you for printing Martin Kane's article about boxing's dirty business (SI, May 30), and for your timely expose of racketeering in boxing.

Keep up the good work, and keep giving boxing's dirty element hell!

P. C. ALEGGI

New Haven, Conn.

THE BIG TRAIN FROM TORONTO

Sirs:

I have been a subscriber to SI since its inception, and I think it's the greatest—in a league all its own.

Naturally, I have had some minor beefs—it's still true that you can't please all of the people all of the time. However, this week you've done it. And in one of my favorite departments, Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX (SI, June 6).

Nine times out of ten, when it comes to the question of who's got the biggest, the best, etc., the answer is the American. But when you come to the greatest all-round athlete of all time, the person who fills that bill is Canada's "Big Train," Lionel Conacher. He was a star in all the sports, he played—football, lacrosse, hockey, boxing (he once fought Dempsey), wrestling, baseball—I could go on and on. At all times he was a wonderful person and on retiring from the more energetic sports, served his country in the political field, as a member of parliament. When he died a year ago, he died an athlete's death—on third base, after hitting a triple in an exhibition ball game at Ottawa.

Sorry, Yanks, but here is your greatest all-round athlete of this or any other century—Lionel Conacher.

BILL BIRGE

Toronto, Ont.

THE BIG BOY FROM TULARE

Sirs:

I AGREE WITH MY FRIEND PAT CASEY THAT BOB MATIAS IS TODAY'S GREATEST. THORPE WAS TREMENDOUS BUT DID NOT COMPARE IN TRACK AND FIELD WITH THE BIG BOY FROM TULARE. IN MY BOOK THE GREATEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE WHO EVER LIVED IS FRANKIE FRISH THE OLD FORDHAM FLARE. HE WAS A LITTLE GUY BUT THERE WASN'T A SINGLE GAME HE DID NOT PLAY SUPERBLY.

JIM CHERRY

Douglas, N.Y.

SIMPLY A WINNER

Sirs:

Regarding Jimmy Jemal's question, "Is Babe Didrikson the greatest all-round athlete of our time?"

It seems that everybody you interviewed thought that it was either the Babe or Jim Thorpe.

I don't think so. My choice is the "best all-round" category is Bobby Dodd, the Georgia Tech football coach.

That may sound odd but I suggest you go to Atlanta and try to beat Dodd at something, anything. Let it be checkers,

handball, golf, football, baseball, soccer, eating the most goidfish, sitting on a flagpole, I don't care what it is—he'll beat you. He is simply a winner.... If you don't agree, try him out at your sport.

DON FUGATA

Palmetto, Florida

● As an undergraduate, Robert Lee Dodd was a spectacular winner of varsity letters at the University of Tennessee—nine altogether, in football, basketball, baseball and track. Nowadays he's a steady winner—including six bowl games—with his Georgia Tech football teams.—ED.

QUESTION, PERIOD

Sirs:

To settle a friendly discussion, would you please give me the following information:

What is the total number of triple plays executed in the major leagues in the last 17 years?

PVT. R. MEDALIE

Fort Bliss, Tex.

● Sixty-nine—38 in the American League, 31 in the National League. So far in 1953, there have been two (SI, May 16 and June 6).—ED.

48 LUCKY STARS

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's article on the Walker Cup (SI, May 30) is very good. The man knows how to write golf.

However, I would like to see some discussion of just what star the good old United States was born under. We clinch virtually everything we compete in over there. We have just won the British Amateur, and I would wager we will win the Open. Just why is this? Do you know?

Many conversations in locker rooms are centered on this subject, but no one has a plausible answer.

Food for thought, eh what, old boy?

FRANK WILSON

Wheaton, Ill.

● Another reader has suggested an answer (see below). And Herbert Warren Wind, who recently returned from reporting the Walker Cup matches and the British Amateur, heard the question endlessly discussed throughout Great Britain. He plans to report on the matter soon in his column.—ED.

TRIPLE TIME FOR GOLF

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's account of the Walker Cup matches is a masterpiece of the English language and also a most interesting piece of reporting.

In searching for the reason why this and other Walker Cup matches have been so one-sided, why hasn't someone pointed out that the U.S. has at least three times the population of Britain and its players undoubtedly devote double or triple the amount of time to the game of golf? If the New England section of the U.S. took on the balance of the country, its chances of winning would be just about as slim as Britain's today.

WILLIAM O. BLANEY

Boston

THE GREAT UNINITIATED

Sirs:

The two small pictures on page 27 of your May 30 issue are just enough to spare you from the blast which has been cooking up in this corner concerning the lack of mention of volleyball in your wonderful magazine. (At least, I had seen nothing previously.)

All volleyball players will, I think, very much appreciate the recognition you gave to the spirit of amateurism which pervades the sport. Volleyball is a much misunderstood game, however, and I am sure that you could do worse than publish an article explaining to the great uninitiated that, as played in YMCA tournaments, it is not necessarily a game for sissies.

ARTHUR BARNETT MCCOMB
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

DOUBTS RESOLVED

Sirs:

A year ago, when invited to be one of the original subscribers to the new sports magazine which was to be presented to the sporting public a few weeks later, I wrote a personal letter asking if there would be any articles covering soccer football, which happens to be my favorite sport. I received a personal letter from you advising me that it would be given every consideration just the same as any other sport. At that time I had grave doubts, feeling that other sports magazines had promised the same thing but they never followed through.

Now I want to commend SI and apologize for my lack of faith in your word. Your soccer coverage has indeed been generous, including every phase of the game.

The recent article on the English Cup Final was remarkable. Your correspondent gave a very detailed account of the proceedings and of the game itself. I forwarded a copy of that issue to the Football Association, London and also to the managers of both teams.

SI does just what it promised; it makes every sport a major sport. To me there is no such thing as a minor sport. I am sure that every sports lover believes his own particular sport is just as important as any so-called major sport. Because a sport may draw a large crowd, some people decide that it is a bigger and better sport than the other fellow's. Actually it is not bigger or better. It is a major sport only for the promoters, financially.

JAMES A. WALDER

Philadelphia

BLURRED DISTINCTION

Sirs:

I enjoyed the article *The Gun That Wouldn't Die* (SI, May 30) very much. However, I think Mr. Walker made a mistake when he described the Model 88 Winchester as "the most powerful lever action now made." That distinction belongs to another Winchester, the Model 71, chambered for the .348 cartridge.

The heaviest bullet the .308 is being loaded for is the 180 grain, with a muzzle velocity of 2,610 feet per second and muzzle energy of 2,730 foot-pounds.

The .348 is being loaded with a 250-grain bullet at 2,350 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 3,060 foot-pounds.

An even more powerful cartridge, the "wildcat," 450 Alaskan, has been designed

for the Model 71 action by Harold Johnson. This load is a necked up and reformed .348.

JACK HUNTER

Dowagiac, Mich.

• The 250-grain .348, with its heavy, "lurch-busting" bullet, surpasses the 180-grain .308 in muzzle energy only. At hunting ranges the .308 is superior. Here are examples of how the two compare:

CARTRIDGE	ENERGY IN FOOT-POUNDS		
at:	100 yds.	200 yds.	300 yds.
.308	2,280	1,870	1,540
.348	2,150	1,530	1,100

The .450 "wildcat" is, of course, more powerful than either. But since it is not a commercially loaded cartridge, I did not consider it a fair comparison.—ED.

MAIL TO JEMAIL

Sir:

I note with interest Jimmy Jemail's Hornov '81, May 24 and his reference to me. I think he has done a splendid job and I wish you would congratulate him.

MARK W. CLARK

Charles-ton, S.C.

• Mr. Jemail did his job at the Armed Forces Day Parade, where General Clark obligingly climbed down from the reviewing stand to answer his question.—ED.

THE NIGHTLY 19TH HOLE

Sir:

Even on this forsaken pile of sand called Eniwetok, the great game of golf is played daily by some 10 to 20 of us. Naturally, the ever-present 19th hole is played here the same as at home; however, we seem to carry its play far, far into the night, and our arguments and wagers and threats go on endlessly.

At last night's 19th hole we ran into a beauty; and DOLLARS (lots of 'em) were bet on whether or not a six-par hole exists on any course in the United States. Two of us say yes and two others say no. We have agreed that your answer will determine who is right and who wrong; so please don't fail us. Harmony will never return to our little club until you settle the question. We love your magazine and anticipate each issue with avid interest.

JOHN EGAN

W. R. MOORE

D. FORREST

U. A. CRAMOTTO

ED SHIMESKY

APO 187

San Francisco

• Let harmony return to Eniwetok: SI has spotted three par fss and there are probably more. The Olympic Club in San Francisco, Baltusol in Springfield, N.J. and the brand-new Coral Ridge Club in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. have holes measuring 603, 620 and 618 yards respectively. In championship play they are par 5s; but for average golfers playing from the back tee, they are fss. For good measure, there's a 790-yard hole at Hammersly Hill, Lowell Thomas' private course near Pawling, N.Y. It has a double dogleg and a

bank of 100-foot trees to shoot over. It's a par 7.—ED.

56,000 IN '26

Sir:

In your May 9 issue in "Current Week and What's Ahead," EVENTS AND DISCOVERIES, you say, "Thirteen thousand people (biggest crowd in lacrosse history) jammed into Thompson Stadium at Annapolis..."

There are probably about 25,000 people still living who attended a lacrosse game in Tacoma, Washington on July 5, 1926 (the Fourth fell on a Sunday). On that day



SIDNEY LACROSSE TEAM & CROWD, 1926

teams from Sidney and Victoria, B.C. played a game as part of the Tacoma celebration.

The stadium overlooks Puget Sound and appears to have been a small bay which was partly filled in to make a playing field, with seats built on three sides. Above the seats, a grassy slope rises to street level.

Now, sir, I'm telling you the seats were filled, the grass strip accommodated more of the crowd, and on the street above, the overflow lined the railing. We were told that 56,000 people paid admission. We (Sidney) lost the game 8 to 5.

I am enclosing a photo of the Sidney team taken at the game (no ref). It only shows a small portion of the spectators in the background and though it does not prove 56,000 attended, it does show how they were packed in.

In those days we played 12 men to a team. We called the game field lacrosse and our sticks were longer and wider than the crosses they use nowadays out this way. The pre-ent-day team is only about half the size numerically and the game is played indoors and known as box lacrosse.

J. E. McNEIL

West Vancouver, B.C., Canada

• Well, anyway, the Annapolis crowd was the second biggest in lacrosse history.—ED.

JACKPOT IN PRAISE

Sir:

Never before have I read a more fascinating, more interesting, more superbly written issue of SI than the May 30 issue. To me, a Hoover and junior at Indiana University, that issue was particularly great.

Mr. Bentley's beautiful and thrilling description of the start of the 500-mile race (which I have seen seven times); Mr. Schulberg's smashing and ramblin' account of the Marvin-Goetz fight; Mr. Walker's most enjoyable and exciting article on the lever-action rifle; the story about what is to come when Turley meets Score (whom I saw pitch many times for the champion Indianapolis Indians—by Mr. Creamer); the photos of the 11 "Little 500"; and all the other wonderful pictures and articles made the May 30 issue the best issue of any magazine ever.

CHARLES HONAKER

Indianapolis

• Gee, thanks.—ED.

NEVER BEFORE

Sir:

I have never written to a magazine before, but I feel that I must congratulate you on your wonderful spectacle *Daaf at 200 Yards* (SI, May 30). The photographs certainly captured the thrilling action of the race. It is articles like this that do so much to promote the sport of track and field and give it the recognition that it deserves. Thank you for a rare treat.

DAVID HILL

Detroit



"En garde, sumu it, en garde!"

PAT ON THE BACK

JAMES I. EAST

At 86, Jim East has doubtless made more holes in one (133) than any other golfer. Most (118) have been scored on a "pitch and putt" course, Presidio Hills in San Diego where Jim played two rounds daily for 15 years until illness laid him low several weeks ago. Jim, who once challenged Ben Hogan to a hole-in-one duel (Hogan declined), has aced every hole at Presidio Hills at least twice. His first hole in one was scored 40 years ago.

JUDY TORLUEMKE

At 10, Judy Torluemke of St. Louis is shooting for her third straight National Pee Wee golf title (for ages up to 12). Her father induced her to take up golf four years ago, and Judy now averages a respectable 41 to 44 for nine holes, 84 to 88 for 18 on regulation courses. Though she weighs only 60 pounds, Judy can stroke a drive 170 yards. A regular victor over much older girls, Judy aspires to a professional championship.



Some people are in the mood but haven't the money...

Some people have the money but aren't in the mood...

Some people have both the mood and the money



You'll find them surfing, singing, cooking over campfires on the beaches... dancing in the moonlight on country club terraces... hiking and cycling along country roads that lead to mountain and lake resorts.

They're the ones who set the pace in bathing suit styles and beach robes and after-swim wear... who lead the way to new places to play... who bellwether the look of cars, clothes, casual living for millions of others.

They are the 575,000 families who read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED each week... successful young families who know what they need for enjoying life and have the money to afford it—your best possible prospects.



CIRCULATION NOW 575,000

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments

A man in a red suit and a dark tie with red polka dots is holding a pack of Parliament cigarettes in his left hand and a single cigarette in his right hand. The pack is open, showing several cigarettes. The pack has the text "FILTER MOUTHPIECE", "Parliament", "KING SIZE CIGARETTES", and "Benson & Hedges" on it. The background is a solid red color.

Parliament's exclusive
Filter Mouthpiece and
superb blend of fine
tobaccoes give you
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